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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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1927—A Retrospect

IT was not a good year for the well known and famous. They lagged; some of them were tired; several were silent altogether; only a few broke new ground. H. G. Wells was still busy with rummage sales of miscellaneous ideas left over from his "Outline of History." His fertility comes and goes but his productivity never ceases. John Galsworthy had nothing to add except his interesting "Escape," which, however, is a *jeu d'esprit* beside the "Forsyte Saga." Arnold Bennett's "Vanguard" was lazy man's work. Hotels, yachts, and millionaires always excite him, but this last study of life *de luxe* soon fizzles into burlesque. Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" was certainly not lazy. It had the opposite fault of straining toward an almost hysteric brutality. Everyone admitted the need of such a bushwhacking of the commercial religionists, but many thought that there was too much dust and too much yelling. Babbitt was captured by the nimble satirist and the dwellers on Main Street safely pilloried, but Gantry got away in the tumult of abuse.

Nor was it a good year for the recently notorious. Elizabeth Roberts's fine talent, displayed in "The Time of Man," suffered an eclipse in its successor "My Heart and My Flesh." She has followed the moderns into abnormal psychology and has emerged with a story that is sometimes poignant and sometimes confused and hysterical. It takes (as the followers of Joyce will have to learn) a classic restraint to deal successfully with the dark places of the soul. John Erskine's brilliant "Private Life of Helen of Troy" and the vigorous anti-romance of his "Galahad" began to decline toward the obvious in "Adam and Eve." His T model begins to need remaking. Margaret Kennedy's first book after her great success with "The Constant Nymph" was good fiction, but insufficiently lit with the flashes that illumined her earlier book.

Mrs. Wharton, Christopher Morley, Robert Frost, E. M. Forster were silent in 1927, or published books that by no means gave scope to their genius. They stood pat. But the score is not all negative. Booth Tarkington rose as a satirist with his "Plutocrat." Willa Cather, in "Death Comes for the Archbishop," took one more step toward that freedom of creative art which she seems more likely to achieve than the radical experimentalists. This fine and simple chronicle, emptied of all tricks of fiction, is as bare and as brilliant as the mesas of its own Southwest. Edwin Arlington Robinson also gathered laurels, with his "Tristram." Many prefer his intellectualism in modern clothes, for he grows diffuse as he medievalizes; yet "Tristram" was a poem to be mentioned only with respect. Humbert Wolfe's rising reputation was borne upon "Requiem," another intellectualist's book, moving but not always intelligible. Edna St. Vincent Millay in "The King's Henchman" showed that her fine talent was not exhausted in lyric youth. Her "Caesar thou art dust" is the best singing lyric of the year. A. A. Milne, incredibly, wrote a second book of child's verses as good as his first. Everyone said it wasn't because they were sure it wouldn't be, but it is. And so the critics go, roundabout, roundabout—

As for the newcomers, it was a good year all told. Will Durant's "Transition" proved that he could make Spinoza more interesting than Durant, but others were more fortunate. The very recent reputation of Ernest Hemingway was strengthened and broadened by his short stories, "Men Without Women." Carl Sandburg stepped out of the tail end of the poetical renaissance to become a homespun historian with his excellent reconstruction of the Illinois of the young Lincoln. The long awaited book of Arabian Lawrence was so dour and yet so passionate, and written in a prose of such richness, that we have not yet estimated its worth. One suspects that it is the most probable classic of the year, for its intrinsic interest is as great as its literary worth. As much talked about, but less important, was "Trader Horn." If the remarks of the old trader with which each chapter concludes could have carried the whole of the story, this would have been a new voyage for Hakluyt.

Three fire-new reputations in fiction were made in 1927. The "Dusty Answer" of Rosamond Lehmann was read for its supposed intimacy of revelation of youngest youth, their psychic lesion, their sex diversions, their wit and their tragedy. That it was written in a beautiful prose pleased the critics but was not the cause of its success. It does not seem an important book. O. E. Rölvaag, a Scandinavian out of our West, was an American phenomenon of the year. His "Giants in the Earth,"

(*Continued on page* 500)

After Church

By HENRY NEWBOLT

"WHO was that poor old dame, so white and weak,
So bowed, and the world so dead to her?
Was it not kindness lost?—and I heard you speak,
I wondered what you said to her."

"Nothing—she is my Mother, my Mother who died
Years ago—three years ago.
Only on Sunday I see her—walk by her side—
No, no, you could not know.

"She does not hear me—she takes my arm to her door—
Infinite comfort, infinite pain—
She does not know me—just as it was before,
Just—till she dies again."

This Week

"The Outline of Man's Knowledge." Reviewed by *E. S. Bates.*

"The Love Nest." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*

Some Musical Biographies. Reviewed by *Bruce Simonds.*

"Boss Tweed." Reviewed by *R. J. Davis.*

"The Kingdom of Books" and "Books and Bidders." Reviewed by *Carl Rollins.*

Mr. Moon's Notebook. By *William Rose Benét.*

An Adventure in Pink. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Religion Without Revelation." Reviewed by *Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

Is History Science?

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

SOME time ago, writing in *The Saturday Review* on "Biography as an Art," I mentioned that the literature dealing with that topic was so small, even in three languages, as to be practically negligible. When we come, however, to history, which may be described as a sort of multiple biography, we find a vast sea of controversial books and pamphlets, a never-ending discussion for the past fifty years on what history is and how it should be written. When I first began to read that sort of thing some fifteen years ago, I was stimulated to do some thinking on my own account. Since then I have read a great deal more of it but I have rarely found a new idea. The discussion simply goes on and on on the same lines. In the main it rages around two general topics,—what should form the subject matter of history, and whether history is a science or an art.

The battle over the former was waged with the peculiar bitterness of German scholarship in Germany many years ago and spread to the rest of the world. Should culture or the State form the subject matter of history? We still hear much today of the "new history," that is of history which includes, besides politics and wars, much in the life of the people that used to be thought below the dignity of the second Muse, but this, in fact, has long ceased to be "new." To go no farther back, Greene's "Short History of the English People" was conceived in 1869 and met with a tremendous sale on its publication in 1874. The old straw, however, continues to be threshed out. Naturally a man likes to consider as of unusual importance a subject to which he devotes his life. If he spends it teaching or writing political history he is apt to agree with Freeman that "history is past politics," and look askance at the claims of the man who considers the history of trade guilds as of superior validity.

The average man and the less doctrinaire historians would seem to be immovably agreed that history should deal with every aspect of what man has done and thought in the past. I believe this is the common sense view and the correct one. Why not? All man's interests, motives, and acts are bound together in an inextricable nexus. It is true that we cannot write or think about everything at once. In that sense, we all have "single track" minds. We have to throw the emphasis now here, now there, but why should anyone claim that politics or economics or military affairs or religion or any other strand in man's manifold life must be the proper subject of history and no other? No one could drive twenty horses abreast and there are difficulties of construction in trying to tell too many stories at once in a book, but that is no reason for saying that any one subject rather than another is the only one with which history should deal. If history is merely politics, then to what science or art are we to consign all the rest of man's past activities about which people wish to know? History should disinter and narrate the facts of human activity in the past, facts which may later be used by sociology, economics, or other branches of enquiry.

These other branches may utilize to great advantage the facts provided for them by the historian but in these days it is almost impossible for anyone pursuing any branch of knowledge to keep up with the literature of his own branch. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea that an historian should also be an anthropologist, a psychologist, an economist, a sociologist, etc., may be found in such

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a book as Barnes's "History and the Social Sciences." There is one sufficient answer to all that sort of thing. Man's life is three score years and ten. A historian should, perhaps, know enough about them so as to be guided to a certain extent in his selection of facts to be treated by the historical method, but he can never have the knowledge of a specialist in any of them, and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The same set of facts may be interpreted as history, as economics, as sociology, and so on. The historian has plenty of work cut out for him in the discovery, the disentangling, the verifying of the facts. An understanding in general of the whole body of modern knowledge will help him greatly, and incidentally workers in other specialized fields, to select the facts, but their interpretation from the angle of special enquiry would seem to belong to those who make a life study of that specialty.

* * *

Is history an art or a science? It seems to me that in the controversy over this issue there has been a vast flood of words in which common sense has almost lost its life by drowning. The discussion has been particularly virulent, I believe, in the United States. Perhaps certain qualities in the American make-up account for this in part. For one thing, Americans like high-sounding titles for their jobs. The janitor of a New York apartment house (which itself would be a "flat" in England), is no longer a "janitor." He is a "resident engineer." When I hear a historian insisting that he is a "scientist" I cannot help but think of "realtors" and "morticians" and that the whole (American) world is kin. Moreover, it is hard to maintain an independent attitude in the face of a solid social opinion. America today worships science. I have recently dealt elsewhere with this worship and the "intellectual climate" of the present day. Everything, even barbers, must be "scientific" to be respectable. An artist is a more or less negligible camp-follower of our civilization, to be good-naturedly tolerated (especially if he gets good prices for his work), but a scientist is in the van, he is a "leader." A scientist is supposed to require technical training and to be among the intellectually élite. Our education is becoming more and more scientific. One after another of the humanities has been dropped from curriculums. Latin and Greek were thrown to the wolves of democracy some time ago. If history is not a science, God knows what may happen.

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It is possible that unconsciously this general "intellectual climate" of the present day has more to do with trying to make history a "science" than has logic or reason. Moreover, the professional influence is very strong even when also unconscious. This has often been recognized in the history of the law. No individual lawyer, perhaps, tries to complicate matters for the sake of restricting business to members of his profession, but the tendency as a whole has been to make legal procedure more and more an esoteric affair so as to create a separate caste to deal with legal matters. If history can be made to appear likewise as an esoteric affair, a science in which only the initiated can participate, the reputation of the historian is increased. To write history well calls for certain qualities of mind and character as well as requisite knowledge but these qualities are as often found in men who have not been through the Ph. D. grind as in those who have, and often in a higher degree. Names at once occur to one. I am not speaking of popularizers but of those who have done prime work of the highest importance from all standpoints, including scholarship. Perhaps no other American has a higher international reputation among scholars than Henry C. Lea, but he managed to produce his works of enormous erudition while leading the life of a busy publisher. The history of Parkman has stood the test of a whole generation of critics. The best history of the civil war period was written by Rhodes, a retired iron manufacturer. Henry Adams's history of the United States from 1800 to 1814 is still the standard after forty years. Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that too long an academic training and career is rather a detriment than a benefit to a historian and that it should at least be supplemented by some years of an active career in affairs among men.

It is difficult to understand just what so many who insist that history is a science mean by it. As Poincaré—perhaps one of the most eminent scientists of our day—pointed out, the universe is spawning milliards of "facts" every second. To do anything in the way of arranging and understanding these, selection is, of course, necessary, and science is possible *only because there are certain kinds of fact which recur*. If it were not for this, there could be no possibility of establishing any laws or creating any science. The fact that two atoms of hydrogen when united with one of oxygen will act the same way tomorrow that they do today, and similar facts, enable us to make predictions and to test them. Now I know no historian today who is so hardy as to say that history can do this. Indeed, most of them say just the opposite. Professor Cheyney, for example, who has made some very interesting attempts to establish "laws" for history, states over and over that history never repeats itself, that he has "no confidence that definite individual historical examples will ever be very useful for present day decisions," "that the similarity of one historical condition to another will never bear close inspection." It appears to me that what he calls "laws" are nothing but apparent tendencies in periods of time too short to be of much use, but in any case they are very different, as he admits, from scientific laws. What respect would a scientist have for a law which could never be expected to apply to any specific case? James Harvey Robinson in his earlier days claimed that the discovery that history is continuous, and the application of this "law," had raised history 'in one sense, to the dignity of a science." There you have it. "The dignity of a science." Has art no dignity? Why has science, which is only one method of approaching certain problems of the universe, so much more "dignity" than other modes of intellectual life or interpretation of manifold reality? Why should more dignity be considered to attach to noting the specific gravity of oxygen, tracing the development of an embryo, or studying through a spectroscope the composition of a star, than to modelling the frieze of the Parthenon, painting the Sistine Madonna, or writing "Hamlet"? It is the "intellectual climate" of our age again.

It is difficult for me to see the reason for all this pether about the "dignity" of science and trying to edge in history, to say nothing of certain other branches of enquiry, where they do not belong. It would appear to come down to this. In the intellectual climate of the present day we think about the universe in certain ways. We believe that things do not merely "happen" but develop, one out of another. We believe that intellectual integrity requires that we should attempt to see and report things as they really are, that truth should be sought regardless of the consequences. These are ways of thinking which have proved enormously useful in developing the sciences and we think of them as scientific. They constitute, however, merely an *attitude of mind* and a *method of approach*. They may be used on bodies of data out of which sciences may be wrought. They may also be used on other bodies of data out of which no science can be wrought, because they consist of acts which are not recurrent, about which no predictions can be made and from which no laws, in the scientific sense, can ever be deduced.

* * *

The scientists and the historian both have to select a few facts from the milliards available. Sciences can select those which recur and about which hypotheses can therefore be tested. Facts do not recur in history or only in such general ways and mixed with so much new and various extraneous matter each time as to have no scientific value as recurrences. However careful and "scientific" the historian may be in his study of the facts, he has got to make a selection, and as he cannot select according to known laws he is forced to do so according to his own interpretation of logical and reasonable "causes," "sequences," or "connections." In other words, he is bound to select according to the laws of his own mind not according to a law capable of being tested by repeated experiment which may exist, so to say, among the facts themselves. I do not see how any historian can get away from this.

I have dwelt on this constant striving to make history somehow, however vaguely, take on the "dignity" of science because it has profoundly influenced our historical writing. It has done this in two ways,—by determining both the choice of subject matter and the style of treatment. One writer, for example, points out that zoology no longer concerns itself with exceptional or startling creatures but with general principles. Perhaps so, but what has that to do with history, except for that vague "scientific bond" which is supposed to regulate all sciences? Professor Cheyney says that "history is simply a body of material to be studied, understood, and described, exactly as the biologist has his material, the chemist his, the mathematician his." Yet on the next page he speaks of this material as "the fortunes of humanity, with all its joys and sufferings, its conflicts, its failures, its attainments." Perhaps you can treat that body of material as a biologist or mathematician treats his, but one wonders why one has to do so even if history must be "deposed," as he says, from its position as a form of "pure literature," whatever, precisely, he may mean by that.

The difference between history and pure science may be seen if we take, for example, the story of a coral island. We can study the life of the coral insects scientifically because for that purpose every one of them is like every other. We can treat them as we would atoms. We can thus build up a science of these creatures. Let us suppose, however, that in some way we were suddenly enabled to enter into and understand the personal life of each of them and found that they loved, wrote books, painted pictures, had a science of their own, had leaders—in other words had a *history* to be recorded. Our approach to them would then have to be entirely different. This history of them would have to be quite different from the *natural history* of them. This is the ideal of the scientific historian of the human species but it could only be realized in practice by denuding the human individuals of all their distinctively human traits and making them as impersonally alike as coral insects. If this could ever be accomplished, which I do not believe because of the difference between men and animals, we might have a natural history of man but would it bear any resemblance to what we have always understood by *history*, and if not, why not get a new word to designate this new branch of enquiry?

* * *

Every generation wishes to rewrite to a certain extent its history of the past. This, in part, is because its tastes and interests change. A monarchical age, for example, will be interested in tracing out the monarchical strains in the past; a democratic age in tracing the beginnings of democracy; an industrial age in tracing the beginning of industry. That is understandable and proper. The subject matter of history will thus alter naturally to meet the needs and interests of each new period. But one wonders why the subject matter of history should be regulated by that of biology or zoology or any other "ology." Again we encounter the scientific urge. One writer says, for example, "what are the most striking traits of modern scientific method? It may be confidently replied that an appreciation of the small, the common, and the obscure, and an unhesitating rejection of all theological, supernatural, and anthropocentric explanations, establish the brotherhood of all scientific workers, whatever their field of research." It follows naturally that if historians are to attain to the dignity of that brotherhood and be admitted, they also must concern themselves with "the small, the common, and the obscure." Well, they are doing it to a great extent, partly because it is the spirit of the age. Democracy worships its own image and in every branch of art, as well as science, we are becoming more and more concerned with the obscure and the common and the mean. I am so little of a "scientific" historian that I shall not predict the end, but I firmly believe that most if not all the advance the race has yet made has been due to the uncommon, not the common, man. Six thousand years of recorded history is too short a period to generalize from, and I do not pretend to say whether democracy is or is not the final form of government toward which the race has always tended and under which it will remain. I doubt it, and if some day other forms arise in which interest has again shifted from the common to the uncommon man, I wonder if complete preoccupation with the "small, the common, and the obscure" will appear to be as "scientific" then as now. We may compile statistics and try to deduce laws from the lives of hundreds of apothecarys' apprentices in England in 1820, but one of them, John Keats, publishes a volume of poems, the world receives a new and imperishable gift, and our laws as to apothecary's apprentices cease to be worth a tinker's dam. I do not begrudge the space now being given in histories to mean and common things and persons. The doing so fits in with many of our interests at the moment and I am myself greatly interested in it, but why so "scientific"?

This insistence upon wearing the cloak of science

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has affected the style of writing. In the last three years I have served on five historical juries and have had to read every important history which could in any way be considered as competing, as well as many theses and manuscript works. Of course, there must always be an increasing number of scholarly monographs on topics too specialized for the public, bricks to be used in building the historical edifice, and nowhere in this article am I speaking of them, but I do not blame the American Historical Association for having, some years ago, appointed a committee to see if something could be done to improve the style of our historical writers. Parkman could write as he liked. Henry Adams could indulge in Jovian laughter as he recorded the history of our early Republic, but the modern academically trained historian, in whom has been thoroughly inculcated the belief that history is a science, and that he must uphold the dignity of science, is afraid to have a style or step out of his laboratory gown for a single instant for fear lest he be damned as "literary," for one thing "scientific" history must not be—the deadly sin—is to be literature. Its professor has lost his public but kept the faith with his fellow scientific historians and saved his soul and salary.

What has the result been? The public to a certain extent has pierced his pretension. It realizes that history is not science in the same sense as is chemistry or zoology or astronomy or anything else that *it* calls science. A small part of the public, God bless it, does want to know something about the past of our race, but it wants to be able to stay awake while it reads. It has therefore, in increasing numbers, turned to men who can keep it awake but who are not good historians. With the insistence that history must be a science, a situation began to develop in which extremely valuable books were written by specialists for specialists. Historians began, so to say, to take in each others' washing, while incompetent popularizers fed the public. Fortunately this is changing. But it has got to change much more, and I believe it will not until historians get away from the idea that history is a science and, as a *non sequitur*, must be completely divorced from literature. They may not, as men, be a timid race, but it is, as I said, extremely hard to go counter to the opinion of one's fellows, and so long as our Ph. D. training remains what it is and so long as men who write have to fear being considered "unscientific" by their faculties, we cannot look for much improvement. The number of men who, when they have found their public, leave their academic associates would indicate something wrong.

I do not see why we need label history as either a science or an art, except that everything has to have a tag, but, on the whole, if one insists on a designation, I believe it safer to consider it an art, and leave it to the gentlemen who write it to tell the truth like gentlemen as they find it, for in this age it is not only scientists who try to think clearly, report honestly, and use every possible source and resource to see how things really were and how they have come to be as they are. I can see no way in which history can approximate science more nearly than that. If that be science, make the most of it.

Knowledge in a Nutshell

THE OUTLINE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE. History, Science, Literature, Art, Religion, Philosophy. By CLEMENT WOOD. New York: Lewis Copeland Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

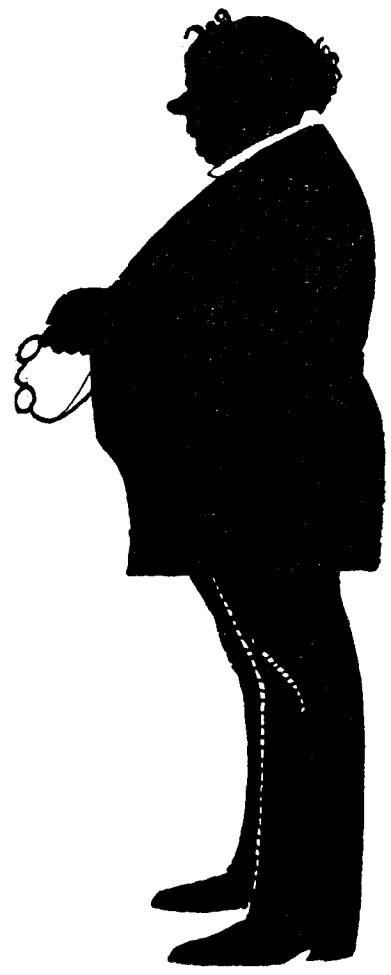
THE long-armed Mr. Wood from Alabama has written a book of universal knowledge. So says the flaming orange jacket, so says the title page, and so says Mr. Wood, at considerable length, in his introduction.

> The book holds the latest fruits of man's researches in every important expedition after truth; together with the relationship between these facts. The material has been gathered in a lifetime study—this author's lifetime [thirty-nine years]; it represents the thinking achievements of the lifetime of the human race. The book is not a fragmentary outline, but a complete systematization of all man's knowledge, with a logical framework in which every fact can be promptly placed, available for immediate use in a moment of need. The young man or woman, boy or girl, will find it an invaluable systematization of information and methods of thinking. What saves time saves life: this book does that.

Mr. Wood regards himself as the successor of the "half-forgotten Macedonian thinker, Aristotle," who "did the best that his unscientific day permitted to factualize this dream." It may be gathered from all this that the modern Aristotle is fairly well satisfied with his handiwork.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful if this really is the most important book ever written. To be sure, at first sight of its great bulk, one breathes a sigh of infinite content and murmurs, "Thank God. Now no one else need write an Outline of Anything ever any more." And as one turns the leaves, one truly respects Mr. Wood's energy, his boldness and honesty—for he writes without fear or favor—and one relishes the occasional passages which are imaginatively illumined. But this is still far from the author's own ecstasy of admiration.

In adapting his style to the needs of the "young man or woman, boy or girl," Mr. Wood often seems to credit him, her, or it with a minimum of intelligence. Such statements as "Food was indispensable to primitive man," "In Africa, the Negroes, the black race, are found," "Our arithmetic is decimal, based upon ten," will hardly come as startling novelties even to the very young man or woman, while the author's reference to "dead corpses" is surely an exaggeration of lucidity. With all its parade of ultra-modernity the volume frequently lags far behind "the latest fruits of man's researches." To write of medievalism in the spirit of the eighteenth century, as if Ruskin, Cram, Henry Adams, De Wulf, Spengler, and a hundred others, had never lived is hardly excusable today. Even if there is no disproportion in devoting practically a third of the "Outline of History"



ART YOUNG, Self-Caricatured. *See page* 507.

to the United States, Mr. Wood ought at least to have sufficiently familiarized himself with the work of Charles A. Beard (or with that of Lecky fifty years ago), not to have repeated the hoary legend that the tyranny of George the Third was responsible for the American Revolution. "The Outline of Science," on the other hand, although by far the best part of the book, goes to the opposite extreme of cocksure insistence upon the very latest word in physics and psycho-analysis. "The Outline of Literature"—curiously, since Mr. Wood himself is a poet of no mean ability—merely wavers between the banal and the bizarre. Both "Gorboduc" and "Samson Agonistes" are denominated "frigid," the lyrics of both Byron and Shelley are termed "exquisite" (along with the "exquisite" early Cretan art), the poems of Burns are "bright new stars in the poetical heavens," the nearest rival to "The Way of All Flesh" as the greatest novel ever written in English is "The End of the House of Allard," and so on. "The Outline of Art" is little more than a collection of names, "The Outline of Religion" might have been written by a less eloquent Bob Ingersoll, "The Outline of Philosophy" is negligible. In the last Mr. Wood's attitude toward his betters is particularly evident, as indicated, for example, by such a remark as "We must pass over the tepid American [sic!] temporizer, George Santayana, an insignificant mental prestidigitator." With this example of the modern Aristotle's own accuracy and profundity we will take leave of him.

The Play of the Week

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE LOVE NEST, A Satirical Comedy in Three Acts. By ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD. Based on the Short Story of the Same Name by Ring Lardner. Produced by the Actor-Managers, Inc., in Association with Sidney Ross, at the Comedy Theatre, New York, December 22, 1927.

Reviewed from Performance and Manuscript

THERE are times when even the most sanguine believer in the cultural destiny of America must at least suspect a grain of truth in the contention of critical Europeans that we are naïvely and adolescently blind to the absurdities of our native efforts to express ourselves in the arts. Unless we admit that the average motion picture is its own parody, how else can we explain the comparative immunity from satire, travesty, and burlesque in which the cinema has basked and grown to a gargantuan complacency?

It is probably true that for the adult intelligence most film plays carry within themselves, all unwittingly, the taunting antidote to their gaudy and pompous imbecility. Why bother to make fun of them when they're doing the job so gorgeously themselves? And yet the time would seem to be ripe to carry the salutary news of disillusionment beyond the ranks of connoisseurs to the general public. And furthermore, in the mere game of making motion pictures, with all its exaggerated self-importance, there would seem to be a fertile field for the pen of the satirist.

At least that is evidently what Ring Lardner thought when he wrote his acidulous tale, "The Love Nest;" what Robert E. Sherwood thought when he decided to expand its ironic hints into a full-length play; what the Actor-Managers thought when they chose this play to open their season at the Comedy Theatre.

If "The Love Nest" were a little better play than it is, if it did not run thin in its preparatory first act and again in its third, we would have an excellent test of whether the public wishes to hear the truth about its idols. As a matter of fact, if it were a better play, the motion picture industry could well afford to buy up the production and close it—provided the owners would sell, which I doubt! Even as it is, skating as it does over the thin ice of barely plausible illusion, except through its superb second act, "The Love Nest," thanks to a well-nigh perfect production, cuts deeply and fearlessly at the same time as it amuses.

To Sherwood, despite an achievement less consistently flawless than in "The Road to Rome," must go more credit than is usually due to him who dramatizes novel or short story. The actual and deliberately suggested material in Lardner's tale might be good for ten or fifteen minutes on the stage. Sherwood's independent creative power is disclosed not only in generally providing atmosphere and background for this story of a gnawing canker beneath the placid exterior of a supposedly happy home, but more explicitly in transferring his scene from the banks of the Hudson to Hollywood's pretentious palaces and its manufactories of false emotion; in altering Lardner's newspaper reporter to a resplendent sob-sister of the profession, uncannily, though I am told not intentionally, like a composite of two of the best-known actual figures in that profession; and in creating the whimsical when not tragic character of Forbes, the butler, to motivate Celia Gregg's revolt from a life of unendurable artificiality. In other words, Lardner was interested only in the personal problem of this whited sepulchre of a home, whereas Sherwood, retaining the personal element, has given it institutional and social significance.

In "The Love Nest" we are confronted for the second time this season with a play made from a short story which calls in question the traditional two hours "traffic of the stage." Beyond these two characteristics held in common, however, "The Letter," by Somerset Maugham, and Sherwood's play bear no resemblance. Even their common traits differ so widely as to suggest new light on the two problems of dramatic source material and effective play length. As I have said already, Sherwood has used Lardner's short story only as a hint, a springboard to independent creation in strictly dramatic terms. Maugham, on the other hand, with more inherently dramatic material, it is true, contented himself with transferring rather than translating it to the stage. The former process, it seems to me,

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is always to be preferred, no matter what the nature or the length of the source material, for only thus can the theatre give of its best to dramatic literature in true collaboration.

Sherwood's problem differed also with reference to play length. Working independently as he was, he could set his own limits. Accepting the traditional duration, however, he assumed the responsibility of filling it to the brim with cogent invention. It is this responsibility which I feel that he has occasionally betrayed. And it is this betrayal that suggests to me that "The Love Nest" might have been a more pungent, more incisive, evening in the theatre, a more devastating and unanswerable satirical attack on the humbug of the motion pictures, if it had been written and played as a concentrated hour or hour and a half.

No one could have risked this daring innovation with more sympathetic enthusiasm than the Actor-Managers. Born and brought up on experiment and innovation, these heirs of the tradition of the old Neighborhood Playhouse could have attracted deserved attention for sincere initiative and could have carried their audiences along to a thorough and open-minded trial of a mooted issue. As it is, they have demonstrated the amazing flexibility of a true repertory company, the falseness of the type-casting tradition. For in the interpretation of a play abounding in the most unusual and sharply-limned types, the Actor-Managers have shamed the results of the typecasting producer with the addition of only two or three guest artists to their company.

(*Mr. Sayler will review next week "Paris Bound," by Philip Barry*).

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

Still Running in New York

BURLESQUE. By *Arthur Hopkins* and *George Manker Watters*. Plymouth Theatre. The personal equation beneath pink tights and putty nose.

THE GOOD HOPE. By *Herman Heijermans*. Civic Repertory Theatre. A European repertory veteran ably revived on our only repertory stage.

PORGY. By *Dorothy* and *DuBose Heywood*. Republic Theatre. The rhythms of Negro life interpreted in pulsing drama.

ESCAPE. By *John Galsworthy*. Booth Theatre. Leslie Howard *et al.* in the dramatist's latest—and last—play.

THE IVORY DOOR. By *A. A. Milne*. Charles Hopkins Theatre. An ironic and whimsical fairy tale for grown-ups.

AND SO TO BED. By *J. B. Fagan*. Bijou Theatre. A satiric and pungent comedy based on a presumable day in the amorous life of Samuel Pepys, Esq.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By *Bernard Shaw*. Guild Theatre. A debated and debating play set squarely on its feet at last by sound acting and discerning direction.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK. By *Sean O'Casey*. Gallo Theatre. The Irish Players in another realistic representation of the sordidness of the Dublin tenement.

Romanticists All

POLONAISE: The Life of Chopin. By Guy de Pourtalès. Translated from the French by Charles Bayly, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927. $3.

ROBERT SCHUMANN: His Life and Work. By Herbert Bedford. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FERENCZ (FRANCOIS) LISZT. By Frederick Corder. The same.

RICHARD WAGNER AS HE LIVED. By William Wallace. The same.

LISZT, WAGNER AND THE PRINCESS. By William Wallace. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by Bruce Simonds

Yale University

RIDICULE the music of the Romanticists as we may, if we belong to the musical *intelligentsia*, it is to be noticed that we are unfailingly interested in reading about them. We may have learned the exact shade of tolerant contempt to use in speaking of Chopin, the proper amount of shrinking distaste for Schumann, the right mixture of ennui and irritation at Wagner: at the same time it is significant that M. de Pourtalès's "Polonaise," a life of Chopin, has been one of the most popular musical biographies of recent years, and that the new Masters of Music series, emanating from England and edited by Sir Landon Ronald, begins with three volumes devoted to Schumann, Wagner, and Liszt, not Bach, Beethoven,—nor Debussy.

There is however wide difference of method between these books. The first words of the opening chapter of "Polonaise" are an unironically quoted description of Chopin as "an angel, beautiful as a tall, sad woman." Thus the keynote of the book is set with fervor, to say the least. Much of it is vivid in color, clear in outline, most successful when the author depends on rapid, succinct statement of fact; other parts, such as the apostrophe to George Sand, come perilously near absurdity. Inaccuracies of musical allusion in the translation are not absent. Perhaps some day we shall learn that it is as ridiculous to refer to Chopin's Sonata in G flat minor, to Bach's Etudes, and to Schumann's pseudonym as "Eusèbe," as it would be to call George Sand's novel "La Mère au Diable." George herself, Liszt, Delacroix, Marie Wodzinska, stand out in high relief and it is mainly with the figure of the hero that the author is betrayed into too rhetorical writing and loss of delicacy, though the story of Chopin's death is told with a restraint which causes one doubly to regret the excess of romanticism elsewhere.

Herbert Bedford's "Schumann" suffers from no such excess; on the other hand it falls into a certain dryness, an overconscientious enumeration of all Schumann's works, large and small, which is out of place in a book of no larger dimensions than this. The style is insufficiently varied, and though the treatment is eminently sane and sincere, one's general impression is that it adds little to what has already been said by Niecks; and the author's appreciation of Schumann's piano works seems rather forced in comparison with his pleasure in the songs and chamber compositions. Mr. Corder's book on Liszt is written with far more geniality and charm and at the same time discusses the shortcomings of Liszt's compositions with admirable impartiality. Perhaps in no other book on Liszt has a critic laid his finger so unerringly on the deficiencies in Liszt's writing,—its incoherence, its lack of ordered construction and sustained power, its general effect of improvisation rather than of deliberate composition. With his just appraisal of Liszt's work, Mr. Corder preserves a kindly tolerance for the facts of his life, to the extent of rather glossing over some of them, —which perhaps is as well: and his urbanity of treatment is altogether in keeping with its illustrious and civilized subject. Incidentally, his statement that the *viol d'amour* has been obsolete since Meyerbeer should not pass unchallenged by any lover of Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles."

Mr. Wallace, in his two books "Richard Wagner as He Lived" and "Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess" is as urbane as Mr. Corder but less discreet in the omission of uncomplimentary facts, after the fashion of Ernest Newman, with many of whose conclusions on Wagner he is in agreement. The method, though not romantic, is effective when pursuing the altogether unconventional relations between Wagner, Liszt, von Bülow, and Cosima. As to the Princess (Carolyne Sayn-Wittgestein, an echo of George Sand), her influence which Mr. Corder dismisses as "beneficent" is shown to be something quite different. It is an extraordinary picture which we obtain of her, sitting in an airless, artificially lighted room, composing exhausting theological treatises under the inspiration of black cigars. No less extraordinary is the picture of Wagner's heroic behavior in the Revolution of 1848, and his vivid imagination of shot and shell striking the tower where he was perched, well out of range. Cosima's silence to Liszt at the time of Wagner's death, and her easy mixture of nursing with festivity while her father lay dying—such an inconvenient interruption to the Bayreuth Festival—are described with brilliant ruthlessness. The Romanticists certainly improvised not only their music but also their morals. In large part they are responsible for the idea, still rampant in novels,—witness "The Constant Nymph"—that to be musicianly, it is absolutely necessary to be eccentric to the point of being disreputable.

1927—A Retrospect

(*Continued from page 497*)

first published in Scandinavia, but translated into vigorous English with the assistance of Lincoln Colcord, took rank immediately as one of the best of American pioneer stories. Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is less solid but more skilful. It is carved entire out of the imagination and Spanish history, and gives this obsessive contemporaneity of ours a much needed fillip; yet there is essential wisdom in it, and the style has that ease and careful grace in the wording which means good texture likely to wear. A little bookish perhaps, and inexpert in its ending, yet this is a new book by a new author that one would choose to remember for 1927.

A Political Pirate

"BOSS" TWEED. The Story of a Grim Generation. By Denis Tilden Lynch. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by Royal J. Davis

IF the generation of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, Samuel J. Tilden, and William Marcy Tweed 'was "grim," it was also colorful. Mr. Lynch gets some of its color as well as a good deal of its grimness into his pages. Unfortunately he reflects in addition something of its spirit of partisanship and prejudice. He gives a reader the impression, for instance, that at critical moments the New York newspapers were lukewarm in their opposition to Tweed. When the Boss returned from Albany in the spring of 1870 after the Legislature had passed his outrageous charter for the city he ruled, "nearly all the papers," according to Mr. Lynch, "praised him." What can Mr. Lynch mean? The *Tribune*, the *Sun*, the *World*, and the *Evening Post* had fought the charter bitterly—a fact which Mr. Lynch fails to mention. The only quotation he gives in connection with his extraordinary statement is to the effect that a portrait of Tweed "was yesterday hung" in the City Hall and "was said to cost $2,500." This hardly sounds like praise.

Another example of Mr. Lynch's failure to tell the whole truth appears in the pages detailing the publication in the *Times* of the damning records taken from the city's books and showing the financial operations of the Ring. "After nearly two weeks of daily publication of the proofs of these monstrous frauds, with names, dates, and amounts," writes Mr. Lynch, "the apathy of the press is best illustrated by the zeal, one moment hot, the next cold, of Greeley." Mr. Lynch makes no exception. "The press," he says, sweepingly. The "apathy" of one newspaper is "best illustrated" by the fact that on the afternoon of the day on which the very first instalment of the article appeared in the *Times* an editorial appeared in the *Evening Post* accepting the figures in the *Times* as authentic and that this editorial was followed almost daily by others.

Mr. Lynch seems to have a similar prejudice against Tilden, losing no opportunity to belittle his efforts and stigmatize his motives. Thus he writes: "Tilden fought the Tweed charter, but in an academic fashion." Mr. Lynch apparently does not know that Tilden supplied at least one newspaper with ammunition by calling on the editor and pointing out the devices in the charter for misusing the public funds. The paper proceeded to riddle the charter. If this is fighting "in an academic fashion," it looks like a pretty good substitute for the real thing. The most surprising aspect of Mr. Lynch's story is his change of attitude toward Tweed after the Boss's conviction. From that event to the end Mr. Lynch writes of Tweed almost as if he were a hero. He is greatly exercised over the idea that Tweed "was being made the scapegoat," certainly an original way of viewing the prosecution of that rarely caught individual, "the man higher up." He is equally concerned over the alleged violation of the supposed agreement to free Tweed in return for his testimony against his fellow-conspirators. Tweed insisted upon being freed first and testifying afterward—a modest proposal from a man who had once escaped from his guards and succeeded in getting to Europe. Nor was the testimony which he offered to give as valuable as he might mave made it.

On the whole, Mr. Lynch's volume is an entertaining if not always accurate account of one of the greatest piratical expeditions in history.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Books and Printing

THE KINGDOM OF BOOKS. By WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927.

BOOKS AND BIDDERS. By A. S. W. ROSENBACH. The same.

Reviewed by CARL ROLLINS

THIS is Mr. Orcutt's second adventure into the field of popular treatises on printing, and like the earlier volume, "In Quest of the Perfect Book," it is a commingling of well-known facts about printers, binders, and collectors with personal experiences as author, printer, and connoisseur. One recognizes Mr. Orcutt's pretty considerable familiarity with his subject, but one misses that air of straightforward simplicity which puts one at ease with the writer. The style is too stilted and involved and, one had almost said, regal. It would seem as if he had deliberately avoided the Republic of Letters for the Kingdom of Books—the simile of "prime minister" by which term he designates various great printers is consistent but hardly felicitous. Such a statement as that "printing in the sixteenth century had changed from an art to a liberal art" is not true, in view of the practical nature of all printing down to the modern cult of the private press. One is irritated at these absurdities.

But in a time when popular interest in printing is widespread, those who crave knowledge need something to read on the subject. In so involved and bewildering a field there is much to be said, and many must say it. Mr. Orcutt's book will be of interest and value to those who are trying to learn their way about in the mazes of printing—it will teach them something about books and especially about fine books. The illustrations, with their adequate captions will help the casual reader to understand why some of the masterpieces of printing have come to be accepted as such. The chapter on the perennially interesting Plantin Museum, with reproductions of Pennell's drawings, is a glimpse at the past through a splendid doorway. The chapter on the bookstalls along the Seine is perhaps the best portion of the book—a pleasant picture of the allurement of book collecting without too much stress on that useful but sometimes obstreperous figure, the book merchant.

The reviewer may be on dangerous ground in suggesting that the middle-man is not quite a pleasant figure in the picture. Quantitatively he bulks large; when a comparatively modest book, as a result of auction bidding, increases in value ten or twenty times in a few years, a commercial nation sits up and takes notice. Such a situation annoys the craftsman, but by the same token it thrills a commercial people. And that explains the fascination of Mr. Rosenbach's recital of his adventures.

These essays were first printed in the magazines, which explains repetitions and the conversational style. They deal with the joys and sorrows of the book-buyer and collector (for Mr. Rosenbach's own collection is of no negligible proportions) and the influence which that Philadelphia dealer of a former day, Moses Pollock, had on his young and impressionable nephew. A multitude of experiences in Europe and America—in libraries, English mansions, auction rooms—told with gusto and a good memory make entertainment for the reader. And throughout one feels that the writer has a very real feeling for the books he talks of—even a sentimental affection, as in the case of the nine-year old Matilda Walker's letter to General Beauregard about the Confederate flag.

But it is after all the auction room and the mart which predominate. Prices and rarity and the unholy joy of possessing what another cannot have; the stories of the captains of industry collecting books as they collected railways; the professional suggestion that the book collector should trust to a competent dealer; all give just a little false impression of what is, if justly pursued, a noble avocation—that of collecting books.

"Devout Johnsonians," says *John O'London's Monthly*, "generally confine their worship of the many-sided John Bull of Letters in the eighteenth century to his purely literary works. Yet by his rare knowledge of the science and manufactures of his day, his interest in aviation, his prescience of gas lighting, etc., he was the forerunner of writers like Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. In those then unpopular subjects, he towered above all his contemporaries as monumental as Mont Pilatus, and as lonely as Keats's 'peak in Darien.'"

Mr. Moon's Notebook

December 28: *The Unbecoming Gravity of Age*

I FEEL, glancing back at what I last wrote in this notebook, the intrusion of an extremely serious tone. And at first I thought, it must be age; and next I thought (and I think more truly), it cannot be age, for gravity so ill becomes age. In that age is an illness, age is grave; but inasmuch as age is merely growing older. . . .

It is hard to say when in life one feels oldest, in the sense of feeling most sober. I remember at a Christmastime dance when I was less than twenty that it suddenly occurred to me that I was a cynic. I have never enjoyed a dance so much. I imparted the information to every girl who honored me with a waltz or two-step. They seemed actually rather interested. One recalls the Blighted Being of Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." But the Blighted Being was younger. This was the next step. I was not blighted. I was simply utterly disillusioned. I had a most enjoyable time with one particularly sympathetic girl with whom I sat out a whole dance explaining just how disillusioned I was. She took me entirely seriously, as I took myself; she confessed to like tendencies which she strove bravely to conquer with the fascinating "crooked smile" that was all the rage in those days. What a bond we found; how often and how "crookedly" we smiled at each other without sickening!

I know little about the youth of today, about those around twenty. They rather terrify me. And the "line" is entirely different. But probably most of them are, nevertheless, quite as disillusioned cynics as I was then. Now, at twice that age, my vanity prides itself on its artlessness. It skirts the waters of Marah carefully twitching aside its garment. For we have waded those waters in the years between, once and again,—some of us have even swum those waters and have nearly sunk. Purple pessimism is glorious in youth, because it is Jaques sucking melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs,—it all comes under the head of pleasure. It rests in the clouds of romance. But after actual encounters with the smiler with the knife I do believe that the more philosophical incline more and more toward frivolity. That is the reason for my heading to this instalment. Contrary to accepted opinion gravity ill becomes age. And wherever age means a growth in philosophy you will find a good deal of merriment and quite a bit of flippancy. Life has done its worst and the somewhat battered are still in the ring, touched with a certain proper exhilaration.

* * *

I myself, being at present but middle-aged, have not yet attained that blessed state. Life still has the power to appall and terrify me. I am still prone to anger on the one hand, and, on the other, to the belief that my goodness is sometimes positively saintly. This is all very bad, very immature. I am still too much in and a part of the spectacle. Only when one begins to realize that life actually *is* more amusing than we thought is a finely frivolous senescence assured. I hope I shall live to be merrily half-witted under the burden of my years.

Old men don't necessarily want to crouch in the chimney corner. Aside from the bad old men, who want to be really devilish, (and I cannot find it in my heart at this moment to chide them) there are the old men that—well, John Crowe Ransom has a poem somewhere about an old man dressing up like an Indian with the small boys and dancing around their bonfire in the backyard. He was tired of the chimney corner indoors. He wanted to express how he really felt. His spirit was infernally spry.

Very young people think age is so awful. I did, I know. Young girls if proposed to by a man of say thirty are sometimes hard put to it to disguise from him their horror at his senility. It is (I find it hard to avoid the triteness) all a matter of perspective. The present epoch is such an age of youth that debutantes are most impatient of grandmothers and grandmothers make the mistake of trying to act like debutantes. That also I can understand, but that last is not to escape the unbecoming gravity of age, which is not a matter of dress or figure or suiting somebody else. It is a matter, really, of suiting yourself. A good many elders suit a mere convention. They are supposed to be stiff with dignity or full of wise saws or bearded like the pard or a necessary balance-wheel or any number of things that are actually alien to them. There are the natural physical handicaps of age,—but then, on the other hand, there are the natural mental handicaps of youth. Two young men of my acquaintance once announced that when they were old men they intended to spend their time drinking beer in a cellar and throwing the bottles through the windows with raucous mirth. I do not, of course, prescribe excesses of this kind. Yet I should rather see them than witness any too great gravity. And probably as I write this I am still too young, in a comparative sense, to realize just how ponderous and platitudinous I shall be when I have entered on the home-stretch.

But even if I am I won't approve of it! The social pressure may be too strong, but, if I can, I shall try to organize such Aged as I can get hold of to pursue nonsensical later careers. I hope that most of them will be undignified and do things unbecoming. Most of them will have deserved a good fling. I shall not encourage them to ape anything the young consider their prerogative or to step out of their own character, but merely to realize that they have still a great deal in them worthy of expression. The aged are apt to think that life has been pretty depressing, on the whole, and of course it has; but what of it,—everybody finds it so. That cloud need not obscure a few final rosy horizons. This creeping to the grave that the mid-Victorians found so morbid an interest is now entirely outdated. One of the meanest remarks in the world is that old favorite, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself at your age!" It is usually aimed at any elderly wight who is merely trying to have a bit of innocent fun before sunset.

There should be dignity in one's preparations for departure; oh yes, if you mean what I mean by dignity; but dignity, at that, is a dangerous word; let us say, rather, intelligence. Well intelligence is not incompatible with gaiety and the exercise of charm. I do not advocate a reckless selfishness on the part of the aged; I do not advocate it for myself or for the young. But the aged certainly should have no reason to feel that they are out of the running. If they choose to sink without a struggle into desuetude and to take no further interest in what is going on around them, or to find their chief pleasure in going over and over the past, that is their own lookout; but back-numbers can frequently be just as interesting as new numbers.

Youth has been having a beautiful time in the centre of the stage for several decades now, and it is fitting that we brought age forward, to take its own applause,—not in holy reverence or for any high moral purpose, but because older people have been taking a browbeating—a highbrowbeating—in the novels alone of the last twenty years that has crowded them quite unfairly back into the shadows. If youth and age cannot live together, let youth step out of the limelight for a while, at least, and let the aged advance decorously to cavort. I know they have it in them.

It was quite right, as that great higher mathematician proved to us of yore, for Father William incessantly to stand upon his head. How logical was his explanation. In youth he had eschewed the feat for fear of injury to the intellect. In age he realized the brain's limitations, in fact he doubted his possession of a brain. And Youth's questioning of Father William's quiet if peculiar amusements finally aroused proper irritation. Lewis Carroll's poem stoutly buttresses my contention. Gravity belongs to youth. Age's only desire should be to avoid it—even, by gymnastics, specifically to alter its gravity. In Father William the attempt was praiseworthy. Old people should be allowed to stand on their heads. They should be encouraged in any other excellent and odd calisthenics they elect. How much better, in the late afternoon of life, to engage in any happy foolishness than to sit meditating a dismal curtain.

The gravity of youth can often be charming, the gravity of age is merely proof of unjust oppression by younger generations more physically active. That is my story and I shall stick to it. Of course we have been taught otherwise. Age itself has for ages been misled into the belief that it must pull a long face and wane darkly. Nay! Nay! Up the Aged! On with the Greybeards' Gala! Need I remind you of that moss-grown adage, He Laughs Best who Laughs Last? WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

(*To be continued*)

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A Trio of German Novels

THE MAN WHO CONQUERED DEATH. By FRANZ WERFEL. Translated by Clifton F. Fadiman and William A. Drake. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1927. $1.50.

THE FIFTH CHILD. By KLAUS MANN. Translated by Lambert Armour Shears. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $1.50.

THE DAYS OF THE KING. By BRUNO FRANK. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

JUDGED by its literature, Germany, with the possible exception of Russia, is the only nation to have profited spiritually by the recent war. The literary work of the new Russia is still too little known to enter into the discussion. But of western nations Germany alone seems to possess a group of young writers of major quality who have made a definitely new and positive contribution to world literature. In France the empty negations of dadaism and surréalisme, the equally empty affirmations of the quasi-Catholic revival, and the charming chatter of Paul Morand and Valéry Larbaud, have left the pre-war veterans Gide and Valéry, in possession of all the permanent honors; in England also, with few exceptions, the best of the post-war literature has been written by the older men and in the older style; in America the pin-pricks of repression and the absurdities of our political and social life have aroused the spirit of laughter, gay or grim according to temperament, rather than any more profound reaction. But while the victors in the recent war have revealed themselves in their literature as nervous, unstrung, not a little bewildered and helpless at the turn of events, the vanquished seem to have emerged spiritually stronger, more firmly knit, more deeply defiant of adverse fate. Young Germany has doffed its sentimentalism without putting on the garb of cynicism. In the work of its newer writers, however individually divergent, there is a community of fearlessness,—a probing of tragic issues which is more like that of the older Russia than of the older Germany but done with an esthetic austerity alike un-Russian and, hitherto, un-German.

The three writers here reviewed differ greatly in style and choice of theme, yet Till, the unvanquishable rebel of Klaus Mann's "Fifth Child," is the own brother of the hero of Werfel's "Goat Song," while Werfel's doddering Fiala, the "man who conquered death," is a brother of Bruno Frank's doddering but unconquerable Frederick the Great. The characters of all three writers are moved by forces more powerful than themselves; all are but partially revealed, giving a sense of unplumbed depths within them; all are splendidly isolated, standing starkly against a dark background of nothingness. In each case the realistic technique is exalted by an undefinable, pervasive mysticism. In each case the self-consciousness of the writer leads him to attempt what might easily have proved a mere *tour de force* of technical cleverness but for depth of passion and high seriousness of thought.

* * *

Werfel's "The Man Who Conquered Death" is the most implacable study of dissolution since Tolstoy's "Death of Ivan Ilyitch." A poor, broken-down old watchman whose only dignity rests on his memories of better days, is stricken with pneumonia and will lose the life insurance for his wife and epileptic son if he dies before his next birthday. That critical date is January fifth, and it is now only the middle of November. Day by day we follow the progress of the disease; long before the first of January the doctors have given up their patient; his pain-wracked, disfigured body presents only a ghastly semblance of a human being; but something lives on in him,—call it "will," call it "a complex," call it "God,"—which does not consent to die until the appointed day is past. The pictures which the book brings before the outer eye are at the beginning sordid and at the end hideous; only to the inner eye are they suffused with beauty. For Anatole France's formula of "pity and irony" Werfel substitutes "pity and respect"—but his attitude can be learned only inferentially, not directly from his style which, at least in this instance, is one of iron objectivity.

Klaus Mann, son of Thomas of "Buddenbrooks," is a gentler spirit than Franz Werfel in whom a vein of savagery lurks not far below the surface. "The Fifth Child" starts almost as an idyll of childhood —the simple story of the life of four delightfully imaginative children of a dead radical philosopher, and of their pale, beautiful, uncomprehending mother who is neither imaginative nor radical and who, having never understood their father or learned the meaning of passion, spends her days calmly, sweetly, still unawakened. Into their quiet existence comes a young disciple of the philosopher, whose free adventurous spirit wins first the hearts of the children, than that of the mother, but never yields his own. Pursued by the despairing love of this woman of forty, he acquiesces in her desires, then departs, still free. But the coming of his child, her first child of love, brings fruition to her spirit, and the fifth child makes her a real mother for the first time.

* * *

Bruno Frank can probably say more in less compass than either of the other two writers. In fact, the three slight vignettes of the aged Frederick the Great which make up "The Days of the King" are as characterization worth the whole of Carlyle's elaborate three volumes. The experience of reading these sketches is almost as impressive as meeting their hero in actual life must have been. Little enough happens: in "The Lord Chancellor" Frederick dismisses a minister; in "The Cicatrice" he talks with an old friend; in "Alcmene" he reviews his troops and then hastens to Potsdam to the corpse of his favorite dog. But the dismissal is an unjust way of establishing justice for all Prussia: Frederick takes advantage of a plausible allegation of corruption to get rid of a really incorruptible man whose traditional loyalties nevertheless stand in the way of a necessary revision of the legal code; and the incident enables Bruno Frank to bring before us in matchless manner Frederick the Great as he appeared and as he was—slovenly of dress, shrill of voice, unkingly of speech, yet determined to be a beneficent god to his subjects whom he despised. The talk with an old friend tells the story of his sex life and gives Frederick's own Freud-like interpretation of his career. The merciless review of troops in a frightful downpour with Frederick, cloakless, shivering, ill, sparing neither others nor himself, is an unforgettable rendering of the martial spirit; the dénouement of Frederick weeping bitterly over his dearest friend, a dead dog, is a masterpiece of tragic irony. Bruno Frank's small volume is packed so full of characterization that one might spend pages in discussion of it. The incidents are fictitious, but the Frederick whom it reveals is the real Frederick of the historic "Letters"—complex, contradictory, intellectual, passionate, skeptical, and brave—a great man and a fascinating great man. The book is appropriately printed in an old French type of much beauty, and it is unusually well translated. The publishers announce that it is the first of a whole series of recent German works about to be published in English; if the others are equal to their harbinger it is safe to say that this will be the most important serial publication of the coming year.

Portrait and Chronicle

OUR MR. DORMER. By R. H. MOTTRAM. New York; Lincoln Mac Veagh, The Dial Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY ELLEN CHASE
Smith College

IN these days of the subjective and egocentric novel when *Weltschmerz* is put to rout by the anguish of the individual and a kind of puling disillusionment serves at once as motivation and conclusion of the whole matter, one is refreshed and cheered by so objective, solid, delightful, and altogether satisfying book as "Our Mr. Dormer." Mr. R. H. Mottram obviously does not belong to that brood of Calibans, who, taught language, profit by it only in knowing "how to curse." There are far too many of them among us. He is concerned, first of all, with painting a portrait for the sake of its worthy and captivating subject, and, second, with relating that subject to the century in which he lived his submissive, resolute, and tenacious life.

And what a portrait it is,—full, whimsical, accurate! That which hung in the hall of Doughtys' Bank one hundred years after Mr. Dormer's day is but a pale reflection of the living Mr. Dormer, presented for our delectation by Mr. Mottram, who, reminiscent as he is of both, contends for high honors with Arnold Bennett of "The Old Wives' Tale" and with Charles Dickens. Mr. Dormer on that morning in 1813, standing on the steps of Doughtys' Bank in Easthampton, unmindful of the "senseless, nomad wind," the "watery, uncertain sun," Mr. Dormer at his dinner, "a slight reminiscence in his attitude still of a laborer eating bread and cheese, seated on a tree stump, but amply at ease in his elbow chair, masticating slowly and solemnly, looking at nothing," Mr. Dormer asleep with the fitful sun shining and fading on his head. Leisurely, careful, and satisfactory as is the latter half of the book, which part presents Mr. Dormer's son and grandson, it holds no pages equal to these that paint and chronicle Our Mr. Dormer himself. One reads them a second time and yet a third, regretful of their passage. Mr. Dormer, "a man of peaceful habit but English to the core" defends by a deadly weapon the honor and credit of Doughtys' Bank at midnight on the coach from London. He attends in pages memorable for their loveliness his wife's funeral at the Friends' Meeting House in Dog Lane. Again for the sake of Doughtys' Bank he suffers ignominy and ridicule at the most charming of Water Parties, to which, as the Doughtys' cashier, he has no entrance. And finally, when in an unforgetable scene he has been rewarded by the Quaker brothers and bankers with a virtual partnership, he goes home to his dinner in Middens Alley without any outward sign to his associates that he is in the least excited.

* * *

But Mr. Dormer is more than a portrait. He is the embodiment as well as the symbol of that Quaker tenacity, calm, and almost paradoxical vision upon which was solidly built the English credit system of the nineteenth century. Hence his portrait and those of his son and grandson are in a larger sense the history of provincial banking in England; and Mr. Mottram's book, quite aside from its charm as a story, is a valuable chronicle of English economic history.

Mr. Mottram's style, to use two of his favorite adjectives, is leisurely and sure. His thoughtfulness and accuracy in choice of words are fit subjects for rejoicing in these times of careless and hasty composition. His delicate use of concrete detail is sparing enough to be more appreciated when it is used. One will remember "those rather ethereal lime trees" that grace the little yard leading to the Meeting House, the gleaming dish-covers and "snoring fire" in the old kitchen in Middens Alley, the drifts of garden scents trailing "in the general atmosphere of hay and sunshine." Let us trust he will use his divining-rod again—and as soon as may be!

Art and the Octopus

SIXTH ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING ART. New York: The Art Directors' Club. 1927. $8.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I WAS weaned on the first book of the international poster, in the days when Penfield was Penfield and Phil May, even, was Phil May. I can remember the designs of Grasset and somebody's spectacular cats. No, I don't mean Oliver Herford's—these were French cats, masterpieces of design in black and white. I recall reproductions of Parisian theatrical posters of high kicking black silk-stockinged ladies in a surf of nether undergarments, in the days when legs were a treat,—all sorts of wicked Parisian posters of the masked He and She, with a Beardsleyish imp leering around the corner. I can remember being the proud possessor of some of Florence Lundborg's rarely charming posters for Gelett Burgess's *Lark* published by Doxey in San Francisco . . . The Old Gentleman interested in Illustration shows his Medals. . . .

Today illustrators are legion and posters are no longer confined to advertising the theatre or an occasional old family standby like Pears or Ivory Soap. And billboards are only a paragraph in the whole story. That earliest book over which as an inky schoolboy I pored fascinatedly in idle hours built lots of its most animated designs around the bicycle. Well, they still bicycle in England, and I still love the idea of a bicycle; but it is completely off the hoardings. You might as well plan your space to include the leg-o'-mutton sleeve.

Today, to judge by this handsome volume before me, even a painter like Ignacio Zuloaga takes a hand in the great American game; not that the famous did not stoop to the poster of old! Etienne Drian

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shows us a pink, bobbed-haired young thing at her toilet table making use of Woodbury's facial soap. Veteran magazine illustrators like Fred Gruger, Henry Raleigh, Rea Irvin, C. E. Chambers, and William Oberhardt lend a hand. Rockwell Kent sets William Blake at the service of modern jewelry. Elizabeth Shippen Green paints a leafy picture of a child in a treetop and sells it to Fleischmann's Yeast. Dorothy Hope Smith's infants, and gorgeously executed infants they are! were chiefly introduced through the medium of advertising upon which the great in art affect to look down. Oil, water-color, pastel, the fine flower of modern photography, every medium, every accomplished technique, is directed toward impressing the ultimate consumer with the value of some particular product. The art departments of the agencies contain men of ideas who know good painting and good drawing. The men of paint and pencil themselves respond to the possibilities of design that lurk—well, even in a frying pan or a fruit-cake. For proof, turn to pages 44 and 45 of this book and contemplate the arrangements by René Clarke. More purely poster effects may be studied in such conceptions as that of Herbert Paus, on page 41, celebrating Certain-teed building materials. And there is always Leyendecker's extraordinary treatment of fabrics in his brilliantly lifeless pastels.

* * *

This "Sixth Annual of Advertising Art" presents the "copy" of the "lay-outs" chiefly as subordinate. Others have grown lyrical over modern advertising "copy." I am a mugwump concerning it. I only know that I once found it amazingly hard to write. It is a form of writing that, at its best, demands great skill. When you are confronted by such seemingly uninspiratorial material as a Radiola Super-Heterodyne, a hotel, a bank, a truck axle, an Oshkosh trunk, you will hardly plumb the possibilities of making the ordinary person's mouth water until you have had quite a good deal of practice. "Writing copy" is by no means as easy as it often looks.

* * *

The spirit of the painting, drawing, and photographic side of modern advertising is well expressed by W. H. Beatty in his foreword to this book. He says, "you cannot measure this book with your mind standing still. It represents something that is moving too fast for that. And let us not worry too much where it is going so long as we find it high spirited and free." I, indeed, find a great deal of this graphic material high spirited and free, an ocular satisfaction and a proof that advertising, strange as it may seem, is today one of the most intelligent patrons of the contemporary draughtsman and the contemporary painter. Oh, I know all the other side of it, too! I know the groans of the galley-slaves, I know the tales of tyranny and stupidity and time-serving. I know all about Pegasus in pound and Ariel at the beck of Caliban. But I should not be a bit surprised if the future mammoth city of many levels, of architecture of colossal thrust and mass, boasted great new posters coruscant with colors to satisfy a Gauguin, or presented shapes of beauty, serving advertising uses, that might bring tears to the eyes of a Brancusi. If that seems perfectly terrible,—it is at least not so very improbable; for the huge, parasitic, preposterous, megaphonic octopus (I rather like that "megaphonic octopus"!) of National Advertising has at present an undeniable grip on graphic art, reaching avidly with its tentacles in every new direction. And yet, as this book demonstrates, in many instances it has fostered truly beautiful creation. We look at a remarkable still-life photograph, and then we lament that it came into being only to decorate a screed concerning Fostoria, Fine Crystal, and Decorated Glassware. Are we entirely reasonable in this? In all epochs art has been created for patrons and for pay. Advertising has its ogreish aspects,—admitted; and we have had plenty of enjoyment out of "kidding the life out of it" of late years; and my own social theory would make it over into a proceeding with entirely different purposes. But meanwhile (to leap lightly from simile to simile) we possess some few pearls excreted by this blind oyster,—this "poor, patient oyster," in Keats's phrase. Well, that, at least, is something to be thankful for!

The BOWLING GREEN

An Adventure in Pink

THE 9.09 P. M. is the in-between train on our miscellaneous old Oyster Bay Branch. It is too late for the usual troop of commuters; too early for the smarter sort who have stayed in town for dinner and theatre. When you change at Jamaica and board the smoker of the steam train you find it populated with artisans whose provenance and employ I am ignorant to identify. Seemingly they are on their way home from Long Island City; most are of a Polish or Slavic cast. Occasionally one well heated with industrial alcohol will want to show you his new gold watch; otherwise they sit silent, each absorbed in the pink pages of an evening tabloid. The car is bright with those tinted sheets, fallen petals of this cabbage-rose of journalism are thick underfoot. These weary citizens in their thick brown overcoats brood attentively over the three topics of Sport, Murder, and Love Nests which are staple in the tabloids. It is odd to watch their hardy and seamed and simple faces—very tempting to the pencil, some of them—fixedly conning the evening potion of anaesthesia. It is a merely muscular massage of the cortical area, involving no wickedness of thought: pure anodyne, such as some other readers find in detective novels or O. Henry.

Hasty judgments are rash: therefore I tried to halt the thought that pricked me as I saw all down the car that perspective of pink folios. It was this: that only the things not worth recognizing are immediately recognizable. For it was easy, even for short-trajectory vision, to see what they were reading; but there was one younger man, of a studious type, who had a small red book I would have given much to identify. It looked rather like one of the little Temple Shakespeares, but I couldn't be sure. He read it only fitfully, not with the slow and earnest perusal of the hoplites.

But I tried to medicine my too prompt opinion. Journalisticus sum, I said to myself; nihil journalistici a me alienum puto. And I picked up one of the pink 'uns and studied it carefully. The Love Nest story that was riding high that evening was very disappointing: the details were meagre indeed, and I reflected on the fact that the populace everywhere and always exists chiefly to be gulled. For if it is Love Nests that they want to read about, or Murders, or Prizefights, alas it is to literature and not to the tabloids that they would have to turn. Suppose that the little red book the young man was reading had been *Antony and Cleopatra*, how surprised our honest Polocks might have been to be told how much more melodramatic and thrilling it is, and how much more sprightly, than the liveliest tabloid. I thought with pleasure of the wittiest line of indecorum in Shakespeare, which occurs in that play.

I proceeded through an account of liquor smuggling, which threatened a huge scandal because this particular bootlegger was said to have among his customers "all the most prominent people in New York." There seemed to be some failure in logic: anything that is being done by all the most prominent people can hardly be a scandal—except as regards the law that makes such subterfuge necessary. With that curiosity about the actual minutiae of life which is so reprehensible I presently found myself studying the Classified Ads. I learned that girls you can get a free marcelle, manicure or hair cut, all day long, at the Niles Beauty School. That, I suppose, is how the apprentice operators get their practice. I learned how many openings there are for hostesses in Night Clubs, for chorus girls "experience unnecessary." Young Ladies over eighteen are wanted to act as dance partners at "New York's most beautiful ballroom," on 125th Street. And then, in among these flashes of the night I found a little announcement that said something like this:

> Do you like to get letters? Join our
> Correspondence Club and have friends everywhere.

This got me. I felt myself hooked. A man with any sense of shame, considering the pile of overdue correspondence on his table at home, would have averted his eyes from temptation. But in admiring the great pageant of humanity's doings there need be no sense of shame. That very night, in a somewhat debased orthography, I wrote:

> Dear Friend, I seen your ad in the N. Y. C. Graphic and I certainly am a great one for writeing letters and receiving same send me your full information and oblige Mr. C. Mosley.

Now it should be stated that in my simplicity I had had no very definite idea as to the nature of this Correspondence Club. I had supposed that perhaps, for a small fee, the name and P.O. box number of the scribophilous Mr. C. Mosley would be forwarded to various other great ones for writing letters, from whom he would presently receive the surcharge of their enthusiastic penmanship. I had simply, as did Louis Stevenson in his childish dream, "heard the sound of pens writing." The inwardness of the scheme had never occurred to me. I was the more surprised to receive, promptly among the Christmas mail, the following dulcet mimeograph. At the top of the page were two little hearts, each transfixed with an arrow, and then:

> Dear Sir:
>
> We believe you will enjoy your membership in our Club, and also appreciate the fact, that we are about to count you in our vast number of life long friends, because we shall do our utmost to bring you to a happy station in life.
>
> Look over the Magazine carefully—note that all our work is clean and dignified—and that Magazine is published, for the one purpose, of making lonely people happy—and not for advertising in-respectable and indecent merchandise.
>
> Should you not see the exact type of lady desired, listed in our Magazine, will say,—that is no reason why you should not join at once, as every day, we receive from 5 to 10 new Lady applicants, and also have many lady members who are in the Private Class—for which we must Personally select suitable gentlemen correspondents, privately.—So do not hold up your application, but send in at once,—telling us just what type of a companion you desire. It will be to your advantage, to do so, as we have so many desirable ladies, of all ages and circumstances,—located in every State and Canada—"From the Golden Wheat Fields of the Great North West—to the Balmy shores of Sunny Florida."
>
> You made a wonderful start my friend, when you wrote for our Literature. Act On It, My Dear Sir. Our Registeration fee for membership, is, at the present time—reduced from $5.00 per year to $3.00 payable in advance. We have no charge after marriage.
>
> Then we will look for your application by return mail, telling us just the type of "A Sweet One" you desire. Thanking you again for writing, and the opportunity to serve, we remain,

Well, of course this took me right back to O. Henry's perfect story on this topic—"The Exact Science of Matrimony"—in that most amusing of all books "The Gentle Grafter." And I fear that the Follow-Up desk of the Correspondence Club will lament the defection of the impulsive Mr. C. Mosley. But he would have been less than human if he had not looked over the list of Lady Members (enclosed with the letter) offering themselves as correspondents. "Widow by death" is a frequent description of their status, and a great many seem to be members of a sorority unknown to me, the Order of the Eastern Star. I am glad to observe also that often they show a sound prudential instinct. For instance—

> Refined American widow, Protestant, age 42, 5 ft. 4, wt. 116, sweet disposition, very congenial and affectionate, lover of home, can drive a car, musical, good singer, excellent housekeeper, am very lonely. Would like to hear from gentlemen of good morals and owning a car.

Another interesting phrase that occurs frequently in these little self-portraits is the description of one's religion as Golden Rule. There is one lady, age twenty-six, who is "considered handsome, high cultured, College and University education, speak seven languages, very little English (but can learn easy), Registered Nurse, play violin, fond of home, best housekeeper, will answer all when stamp is enclosed." S316, from Connecticut, is more gamesome: "stylish and charming American lady, 36, 5 ft. 4, wt. 138, golden brown hair, blue eyes, jovial disposition, Baptist. Will exchange photos with a good looking, jovial man. Object pastime and what might follow."

Something cheerfully Western emanates from S.250 of Texas: "Honest upright girl, good natured and peaceful, good form, no beauty, but nice looking, American, age 19, 5 ft. 5, wt. 140, auburn hair, blue eyes. Will make some good man a true Pal."—The only one of these ladies who mentions a taste for books is an Illinois widow, age 60, wt. 185. But it would certainly be worth the $3 registration fee to write to some of them and find out what they read. Does anyone want to undertake the inquiry, purely in the interest of sociology?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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XVIIth Century Lyrics

Edited by ALEXANDER C. JUDSON

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may!
Old Time is still a-flying—"

This sort of *carpe diem* philosophy is being repeated over and over again in much of our modern poetry. It is hardly strange, then, that this generation should feel a renewed interest in these poets who wrote to a sophisticated audience two centuries ago. John Donne, Richard Lovelace, and Robert Herrick and the rest, were more modern than they knew.

This anthology does not pretend to include all of the seventeenth-century lyricists, but it does give an adequate hearing to the fourteen outstanding ones. The chief of these are represented by a far greater number of verses than a more inclusive anthology would permit. This emphasis upon the more important poems of the more important men makes this anthology unique.

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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THE SCIENTIFIC HABIT OF THOUGHT

by Frederick Barry

Professor R. L. Schuyler says: "... I have read a number of popular expositions which purport to make science, or particular sciences, intelligible to the public, but none of them can compare with this either for information or for suggestiveness. ... I suspect that those who judge it critically will find it to be a really remarkable book. ..."

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER FOR Barry's Scientific Habit of Thought. $3.50

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW YORK CITY

Books of Special Interest

Parents and Children

YOUR GROWING CHILD. By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1927. $2.

EVERYDAY PROBLEMS OF THE EVERYDAY CHILD. By DOUGLAS A. THOM. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLORENCE L. GOODENOUGH
Institute of Child Welfare, University of Minnesota

ONE of the immediate results of the recently awakened interest in parent education for child training is to be seen in the vast outpouring of literature dealing, in a more or less direct manner, with conduct disorders shown in early childhood. Inasmuch as the amount of sound scientific knowledge as to the origin or significance of deviations from the commonly accepted standards of child behavior is as yet regrettably small, while the demand for information is steadily increasing, it is perhaps not surprising that writers should be found whose imaginations are sufficiently vivid, not only to supply all necessary evidence, but to enable them to present their cases in so sensational a manner that the lay reader can hardly fail to be impressed.

In "Your Growing Child," Mr. Bruce has furnished us with a series of rather loosely connected papers of a pattern which, unfortunately, is all too representative of much of the literature in this field,. An outstanding characteristic of the book is the indiscriminate manner in which the horrible outcome of unwise parental management of children during their early years is predicted. Take, for example, this excerpt from Chapter XI. An hypothetical case has been described in which a doting mother fails to require her small son to pick up his own toys:

> And that is Johnny's mother's way, every day of her life. Each day Johnny leaves things for her to pick up, and every day she does pick them up. If she forgets any of them, and if they are damaged as a result of the forgetfulness, Johnny gets new toys to take their place . . . . . .
>
> She is undeniably saving Johnny present trouble. But also she is insuring for him trouble in the future. For she is training him to grow to manhood without the slightest trace of a sense of responsibility. Unless she changes her tactics, or unless some wise schoolteacher gets hold of Johnny in time, he will find it hard to make his way in the world.
>
> He will be the kind of man who forgets to keep appointments. He will not think it amiss to begin work ten, fifteen, twenty minutes late, and to knock off work ahead of time as the whim seizes him. He will make promises lightly and forget them lightly. Nothing will matter much to him except the desires of the moment. A lovely, sweet character Johnny the man will be.
>
> Can you not picture him in your mind's eye, always in trouble, always plagued by poverty, unhappy, an abject failure? . . . . . .

And so on. Probably none of us would question the general desirability of training children to look after their own possessions. And a book on child training may very properly call attention to this point. It is questionable, however, whether invoking the bogey-man as an aid, however admirable may be the purpose for which he is utilized, is any wiser educational procedure when dealing with parents than when dealing with children. Apart from all ethical considerations, there is too much danger that some of them, at least, will see through it.

Science is an excellent thing. But its mills, like those of the gods, grind slowly; and as yet but little has been forthcoming which can be taken over directly and applied with certainty to problems dealing with habit training in children. He who would give his teaching the appearance of infallibility by quoting the results of scientific investigation in support of his recommendations must either limit himself to a few rather narrow phases of the subject, or have frequent resort to productions of doubtful repute. The blurb on the cover lays great emphasis upon the "scientific" basis of Mr. Bruce's book. To the reviewer it seems unfortunate that Mr. Bruce has been unwilling to allow his advice to parents, which is frequently excellent, to rest upon its own merits. One is tempted to borrow a leaf from the book itself, and inquire whether the appeal to authority which constitutes such a dominant feature of the book may not perchance be the result of a "feeling of inferiority" acquired in early childhood?

Dr. Thom's little volume strikes a somewhat different note. In discussing the conduct problems commonly found among young children, the viewpoint is apparently taken that these problems are in and of themselves sufficiently important to merit serious consideration, even though we cannot always be certain as to their precise significance for future development. Dr. Thom's extensive experience as director of the habit clinics of Boston has provided him with a wealth of illustrative material which is used to good purpose in showing the conditions under which maladjustments are likely to arise and the means by which they may frequently be prevented or corrected. The hyper-critical may perhaps find some defects in organization (for my own part I cannot repress a feeling of sympathy for little Mary who is left, tied hand and foot, in the middle of page 274 when her historian is led astray by an ill-timed interest in intestinal worms), and a logician might be inclined to cavil at the repeated use of "all are not" when it is obvious that "not all are" is meant. Nevertheless, in spite of occasional faulty construction, the book should have considerable appeal for the rank and file of parents for whom it is evidently meant. The language is simple and non-technical; the problems chosen for discussion are those which practically every parent encounters in a more or less serious form. Persons wh[illegible]erested in the practical aspects of [illegible]elfare should find much that is [illegible] Dr. Thom's clear-sighted analysi[illegible]ssential factors in the cases which h[illegible]s.

Alie[illegible]s

IMMIGRATION RESTRICTION. By ROY L. GARIS. New York: Macmillan Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD
New York University

A VERY good case could be made out for the assertion that the immigration law of the United States is the most important piece of legislation ever passed by a legislative body in the whole career of mankind. At any rate, it is nearly enough so to justify a very careful review of the steps by which it has been built up, and the developing attitude which has animated it.

This service has been admirably performed by Professor Garis in the present volume. With scholarly thoroughness he traces the growth of the restrictive sentiment in the Colonies and in the United States, following changes in the conditions of the country and the character of the immigration stream which made continued foreign accessions ever less of an advantage, ever more of a menace. He shows that by the middle of the nineteenth century practically every important argument for the restriction of immigration had been developed, and more or less effectively expounded, many of them far back in the colonial period. But their appeal in these days was almost exclusively to persons of exceptional vision and foresight; the aggravated conditions necessary to force their cogency upon the general public had not yet come into being. Furthermore, legislative bodies, even in the most democratic countries, are very sluggish and only tardily responsive to public opinion. Consequently, long after the necessity of some primary regulation of immigration had become glaringly evident to the mass of American voters, and memorials and petitions for relief were pouring into Washington, Congress hung back, reluctant to abandon the tradition of free asylum. As a result, the separate states in self defense were forced into a series of legislative measures designed primarily to protect themselves against the intolerable burden of foreign pauperism and dependence. The history of the legal and judicial controversy by which these laws were eventually declared unconstitutional and Congress established its right to control immigration, Professor Garis tells interestingly and in detail.

There follows an inclusive account of the steps by which the massive federal immigration law was built up, first along selective lines, and finally definitely restrictive, culminating in the Law of 1924. Professor Garis is the man who first suggested, at least in an effective way, the use of the Census of 1890 as a basis for fixing the immigration quotas. This was an ingenious expedient, which has served a useful purpose in harmonizing the immigration law with modern conditions and modern sentiment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the author finds difficulty in appraising the "national origins" basis with an entirely impartial mind. While he commendably avoids any extended controversy on the subject, it is not difficult to discern his preference for the Census of 1890.

The closing chapters on Chinese and Japanese immigration round out the volume, and make it an exceedingly useful compendium on the entire legislative aspect of this great problem which no serious student of the matter can afford to ignore.

Aeronautics

AIR FACTS AND PROBLEMS. By LORD THOMSON. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER

THRICE armed is the author who can disarm the more critical portion of his audience at the outset by a modest confession that he, too, was slow to see the great light. Lord Thomson, late Air Minister in the cabinet of Ramsay MacDonald, and generally accorded to have won distinction in his service, here puts himself in that happy position. A soldier in the Boer War and in the vastly greater conflict of a dozen years ago, and ex-member of the British General Staff, it was only in the last stages of his field campaigning that he began to feel that growing appreciation of air power and its implication which has finally brought him into the front rank of the enthusiasts. He tells us so himself, with an expression of regret that there are other professional soldiers who were not so readily converted.

Lord Thomson's book, a little volume of some two hundred pages, is a collection of popular newspaper articles, with a few chapters and several documentary appendices added to round out the picture and to serve as connecting links. While it is marked in some degree by that discontinuity which is the well-nigh inevitable fate of compilations, it has as a central theme the prospective terrors of air war, especially for western Europe, and the vital importance of so guiding the development of aircraft that they become a factor favorable to improved understanding and increased friendship among neighboring peoples, rather than to the opposite. Practically all of the original articles having been written for an American journal, it is natural that there should be frequent mention of American problems, and especially of the comparative immunity from direct aid attack conferred by our insularity with respect to Europe and Asia. A strong belief in the military potentialities of long-range airships, for which he foresees a rôle quite different from, or broader than, that anticipated by most American students of the subject, however inspires the author to threaten us with a future loss of a large part of the protection which our geographical situation now affords. Americans who view with pride their country's record in the air will regret that Lord Thomson did not draw more of his illustrative examples in support of his claims for aircraft from American experience. The odyssey of the British airship R. 33 after breaking away from her mooring mast in a storm, for example, is covered at length, with a chapter to itself. The performance of the ship and her crew on that occasion were deserving of appropriate commemoration and the highest praise, but the very similar adventure of the American-built Shenandoah a few months earlier was equally laudable, and of that the author makes no mention whatever.

Lord Thomson is not optimistic on the control or limitation of aerial operations when once war is declared. He is among those who accept it as a bitter but inescapable fact that bombing attacks on centers of civilian population would be a normal incident of any future hostilities among great Powers. His only solution strikes at the root, through the outlawry and abolition of all war among the great and highly civilized states, and in setting that up as an ideal he finds another use for air power in proposing it as the ideal instrument of international force to be directed under international control against those less advanced nations which might remain recalcitrant disturbers of world equilibrium.

> When people fly as now they ride in motor cars; when they realize the nature of the losses and that there are no gains, they may (says the former Air Minister) discover sufficient common sense, or enlightened self-interest, to prevent the waste and futility of attempting to settle international disputes by such barbarous methods. A universal change of spirit is not necessary. If 50 per cent of the citizens of the highly developed industrial States, which are described as the Great Powers, understood and faced the facts of modern warfare, not only air armaments but all armaments would be limited to police requirements.

To one particularly interested in naval

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affairs, the frequent reference to the parallelism between air and sea power is a striking feature of the book. The analogy is pressed too far, for the surface of the sea is and will remain the great channel of trade, while aircraft serve as a valuable commercial auxiliary and as an instrument of swift and deadly attack at moderate range. Sea power conveys and implies far more than the building of battle fleets. The possession of air power may easily be necessary in order that the benefits of sea power may be enjoyed, but there is, at least for the present, more difference between the two than that one remains in two dimensions while the other works in three.

An argument is made in favor of the unified force as the only proper and efficient form of organization, but one of the weaknesses of that system is revealed when the author writes: "Aircraft carriers, both sea-going and aerial, will, with improvements in design, be utilizable as mobile air bases and thus extend the range of air attack." But their uses as such have still to be developed, and although it is always necessary in air matters to look well ahead and prepare for the unexpected, those responsible for Empire Air Defense can afford to disregard this menace, for the present, and frame their policy to meet more urgent needs." So gross an underestimation of the present capacities of that part of aviation which is essentially naval would hardly be possible to any interested official person in a country where the personnel operating surface ships and those flying airplanes from the decks of the ships have not been divorced from each other.

A Scientific Spree

THE RELIGION CALLED BEHAVIORISM. By Dr. Louis Berman. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $1.75.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

MR. BERMAN'S brochure is inspired or provoked by the inconsiderate statements and wide bid for popularity which Dr. Watson has permitted himself in sponsoring a thoroughly scientific (in intent) position, based upon an expert technique. However, one may dissent from his conclusions and deplore his propaganda, one should pay the tribute which the project called Behaviorism carries, to the ability, the experimental methods, and the capable marshalling of argument, of its chief recruiting-officer, Major Watson. Dr. Berman is not the first to refer to him as an *enfant terrible*, enjoying the shock that radical claim and tom-tom iteration has produced in the way of disturbing the scientific peace.

Despite its brevity, there is a good deal of irrelevant discussion in this essay. Its worth-while core is centred upon the slight foundation on which so presumptuous a structure has been reared, its flagrant disregard of all phases of the mental life not readily brought within its formulæ, its sterility in the face of the real problems of human behavior, its cavalier treatment of such insights as the Freudian interpretation, and its general inadequacy and obvious limitations. A specific argument of consequence presents in opposition the *Gestalt* psychology, which has proceeded quite as loyally to animal experimentation, but concludes that to see any natural phenomenon steadily, one must see it whole, and not in laboratory dissection, and that the wholeness lies in the meaning. Meaning and analysis enrich the registerable motor response and make of it a significant and often baffling bit of human, all too human behavior.

In his attitude toward the conscious, the Watsonian shows himself superstitious because he wilfully blinds hismelf to the facts and the logic which contradict his viewpoint, and fanatically bigoted because of the unwarrantedly destructive zeal of his enthusiasms. Much good experimental work has been done. But beyond the iconoclastic hygiene of his searching analysis of opposing viewpoints, one comes upon a land of barren theory in which purpose is hokum; feeling is verbalized sentimentalism, elaborated visceral reaction; and imagination, inspiration, creation, nothing but the swiftly evolved patterns of something like a rat running in an infinitely complicated maze.

All of which strikes the inner ring, if not the bull's eye.

As Dr. Berman is known as the sponsor of the doctrine that man is in rather large measure a glandular marionette, his objection that "Watsonianity," as he calls it, is an extreme and dangerous movement, is not the protest of one who fears to carry a thesis to its limits. He regards extreme behaviorism as partly responsible for making pessimism fashionable and suicide contagious; and looks to the *Gestalt* psychology made in Germany, aided and abetted by Emergent Evolution, imported from England, as bearing the "heartening consequence" of restoring the "intellectual integrity to the conception of human freedom." "In the series of jerking muscles and spewing glands there can be no room for the human will." It is true that the Watsonian seems to say that man is nought but muscle, and speech is neither silver nor gold, but only laryngeal; yet the same behaviorist offers the redemption of the human race in a few generations of "conditioning," and incidentally informs the psychiatrist that the insanity which he detects in his patients is but a delusion in his own mentality. It is this cavalier treatment of the works of other scientists that detracts so seriously from so much of the Watsonian doctrine as one wishes to take seriously.

This is the thrill I've been waiting for all my life.

The early chapters of A PRESIDENT IS BORN are like going barefoot again with the boys and girls in Illinois. Maybe it's in Ohio or Indiana, no matter. Here is the American front yard, and enough of the back yard to prove to you it's true.

For years I have admired everything Fannie Hurst has written, and I believe I have read every word of her novels and stories. She has never done anything like—anything as good as—A PRESIDENT IS BORN. Of course, I know David Schuyler, but until now I never thought Dave would reach the White House. But if all people who like Fannie Hurst's novel vote for Dave, he will be elected by the largest popular majority in American history.

I don't know whether Dora Tarkington is related to Booth, but she is a Hoosier girl I'd be proud to own as a relative. Of course, Dave's big sister Bek is one of those figures that come about once in a lifetime. Your life isn't complete without knowing Bek.—**Don Marquis**

A President Is Born

A NEW NOVEL

By Fannie Hurst

HARPER & BROTHERS

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A Letter from London

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

THE most interesting piece of recent literary news is that Mr. H. G. Wells is engaged on a life of his late wife. It will be called "The Book of Catharine Wells" and will, I understand, not only contain biographical details and letters of great interest, but also some short stories which earned high commendation from so distinguished a critic as is Mr. Arnold Bennett. Mrs. H. G. Wells will occupy a place in the remarkable gallery of famous men's wives. During the early years of their long married life she actively assisted her husband in his literary work. Later, she was a most kindly, understanding hostess to the many writers, young and old, they gathered round them in their Essex home.

I have always thought it rather strange that whereas it is quite usual for a woman to write her husband's life—perhaps the best modern example of the kind is the two volume biography by Bishop Creighton's widow—it rarely happens that a man, even if himself a writer, writes his wife's life. I remember a beautiful little bit of biography of the kind done by the late Sir Charles Dilke. And another example which deserved high commendation was Ramsay Macdonald's touching tribute to his wife.

I suppose most people familiar with the history of Europe, and in a narrower sense, with the social, political, and military history of England would agree that one of the distinguishing figures of the early nineteenth century was Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. That being so, it is amazing how little is really known of him—I mean of course as a human being, apart from his gifts as a great commander. He was "The Duke" to a whole generation of men and women, and though he went through, at one moment, a phase of political unpopularity, it is not too much to say that during all the later years of his life he was almost worshiped, and that by all classes in his own country. I myself can remember as a child seeing old people who could not speak of him without tears coming into their eyes. In a more intimate sense, he became the referee of English society; he was consulted about men's quarrels, women's quarrels, and, above all, about the quarrels of married people, and was accepted as final arbiter in many a bitter dispute. Yet we may say, without any doubt, that he remained an enigma even to those who knew him best. As to his relations with women, there is the famous story, even now constantly quoted, of his answer to a lady who tried to blackmail him—"Dear Sally, Publish and be Damned!"

All this being so, it is excellent news to learn that Mr. Oliver Brett (who has, by the way, a most delightful American wife) is now engaged on a life of Wellington. Mr. Brett's father, Lord Esher, lately drew in "Cloud-capped Towers" a remarkable picture of the Lord Onsdale who must have been, if not quite a contemporary, yet a familiar figure, in the Duke's world. Mr. Brett's interest in his subject has been lifelong, and his book is likely to be in the true sense of that over used term a real human document!

Writers have always had a curiously close interest in each other but never, I think, have writers written about other writers as they feel called upon to do now. The latest instance is Romer Wilson, whose remarkable novels, "Martin Schuyler" and "The Death of Society," remain vividly in the mind after a thousand other novels have been forgotten. Romer Wilson is now engaged on a Life of Emily Brontë. Though she will certainly produce a striking and original book, to my mind almost everything that can be said about Emily Brontë, at once the most tremulously vivid, and the most shadowy, of the three sisters, was said in a small volume written many years ago to Mary Robinson (Madame Duclaux). I shall be interested in seeing how Romer Wilson deals with the question of Emily's friendship with William Weightman. For myself, I now subscribe to the view first put forward, if I am not mistaken, by Isabel Clarke, in a book called "Haworth Parsonage." She believes, and her arguments convince me, that Emily had an intense, secret love affair with Weightman, whose sudden death at the age of twenty-eight, took place when Emily and Charlotte were in Brussels. It will be remembered that there is an allusion to Weightman's death in a letter written by Charlotte to Ellen Nussey on November 10th, 1842. Miss Clarke prints in support of her theory the moving verses which were not published till sixty years after Emily's death and which conclude:

Yes, by the tears I've poured,
By all my hours of pain,
O, I shall surely win thee,
Beloved, again! . . .

No one, or so it appears to me, can read these lines and doubt that they were addressed to one the writer passionately loved.

A new book by George Moore is always an event, and though he is now well past the psalmist's three score and ten, his mind is as brilliant, and his brain as clear, as ever. This was proved with regard to his last book and will probably be emphasized in the story he is now writing. Though I do not suppose there will be anything in common between them, his "Aphrodite in Aulis" has a formidable rival in the famous "Aphrodite" of Pierre Louys. "Aphrodite" was something quite new in French literature and all lovers of that literature will realize what that meant at the time the strange title was published. The tale ran that the author, only son of the Dr. Louis who presided over the birth of the Prince Imperial, was told at the age of twenty-three that he had only one year to live. Believing this to be true, he spent the whole of his fortune in one year on having what we should now call "a good time." The result of low thinking combined with high living seems to have restored the young man's health and left him penniless. He transformed his commonplace surname into the more poetic "Louys" and, under that new name, wrote and published "Aphrodite." This astonishing book, and the two or three that followed—for he was not a prolific writer—created for him a new, and a far larger, fortune, than that which he had squandered in a year.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood, whose volume of reminiscenses entitled "Episodes before Thirty" counts to my mind as among the most remarkable books of my own generation, is engaged on an entirely new kind of story. All admirers of his work—and they form if not a vast, yet a finely select, band of readers, thinkers, and critics, are aware of Mr. Blackwood's extraordinary imaginative gift. In his forthcoming novel, if novel it can be called, he will survey the world through two pairs of very strange eyes—eyes belonging to two living, breathing entities never, so far as I know, used in fiction before.

Mr. Osbert Sitwell is engaged on what should be an amusing, as well as an interesting book. It will deal with the statues of London. I remember many years ago a great connoisseur declaring that there was only one good public statue in London, and that was the curious, elegant little statue of James I, dressed as a Roman emperor. This is one of the few London statues which has been moved about. At one time it was in a little garden near Gwydyr House. It is now at the back of the Admiralty, and so overlooks what I think has been rightly called "the prettiest town park in Europe"—I am alluding of course to St. James's Park, so closely associated with the political and social history of England. Charles I slept at St. James's Palace the night before his execution, and from there he went across a portion of the park to Whitehall. For my part, I never pass the stone steps leading down from the Foreign Office into St. James Park without remembering that it was down those steps Lord Melbourne always hastened to pay his daily visit to the beautiful Mrs. Norton who then lived in a tiny house in Birdcake Walk. There she had as nearest neighbor "Barry Cornwall," the dear friend of Charles Lamb, and father of Adelaide Proctor, one of the most delightful, whimsical, and generous of men.

I hear that Rosamond Lehmann is hard at work on a new novel which will have that most difficult of all backgrounds to describe—the background of politics. But the author of "Dusty Answer" has lived all her life in the world she is going to describe, and she may succeed where so many have failed.

Naomi Royde-Smith, a brilliant recruit to the band of modern English novelists, will publish next spring a story quite unlike those she has hitherto written. No name has yet been chosen for the book but "America" may figure in the title. It deals with English family life before the War, and the War itself, as affecting an English provincial town, is dealt with in a chapter in the middle of the book.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by Edward Davison

Competition No. 14. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "Ballade of American Periodicals" with the refrain "He (we, or I) read (s) The Saturday Review". (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th St., New York, not later than the morning of January 16th).

Competition No. 15. A penniless but gifted young man, graduating from a middle-western college and determined to devote his life to poetry invites the advice of his literary idol. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most sensible *sympathetic* reply (in not more than 400 words) from an imaginary man-of-letters. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 23rd).

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE ELEVENTH COMPETITION

A prize was offered for the politest verses to an old enemy wishing him an Unhappy New Year.

THE PRIZEWINNING VERSES
Won by Ignoto

THE OLD OLD WISH

I sit before the fire
And watch the embers glow,
And seem to see your face in them,—
And wish that it were so.

For I miss you more and more—
Cypress and laurel, and rue—
I miss you much indeed, and wish
You might be missing too.

And so today believe
I think of you my friend,
And hope that with this New Year all
Your troubles have an end.

Christmas made more demands than usual on my natural disposition to peace and goodwill. So by the time the radio next door began "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" for at least the twentieth time in two days I was in the right mood to appreciate this week's hymns of hate. Aristotle's *cathersis*, I again discovered, is a wholly sound idea. It may have been my mood, but it seemed that a note of bitter sincerity sounded in most of the entries, as though this competition had been the innocent means of releasing the malice and spleen that honest men and women conscientiously bar at this time of the year. Many usually impersonal competitors drew the veil aside. "I hope your Christmas dinner made you choke!" said one; and another—

I don't wish your life be taken;
The happiest are the dead.

Deborah C. Jones was more subtly Satanic, in the "Song of the Flea" manner, with her lines to Dr. Fell. "May you meet misadventures," she hopes—

Suspender straps that burst at awkward times,
Or moments when you try to tip the waiter
With carfare tokens that you thought were dimes:
Flies in your oatmeal, stony looks to greet
Your choicest witticisms, or crumbs in bed.

Here, obviously, the author has studied her enemy's character and fastidiously meditated those particular humiliations which will cause the greatest pain. Admirable! Mabel Richardson, perhaps no less autobiographically, wishes a punishment to fit the crime in her greetings to "a neighbor whose old hen scratched up all my china asters last June." But very few competitors were in a mood for such milk-and-water mildness as—

Through the coming New Year
May your good hen lay
A solid china door-knob
For your breakfast every day.

The author has obviously never read Schmidt's "Torture and Torturers" (Leipzig, 1789), like Slightly, who arranges a programme for a violinist in the next apartment.

But in all these as well as in the excellent entries by Elspeth, E. D. Moses, Arjeh, Harvey Bartlett, David Heathstone, only the manner is polite and that is not enough. There can be no real politeness in wishing a man ill if you make your intention plain to him, like Elspeth and some others.

There's so much sickness in the air
I hope you do not miss your share.
And wouldn't it be just too funny
For you to lose your precious money?

He ought, at least, to be puzzled by you, to suspect an ambiguity, or, better still, be left doubtful whether you realized how your apparently pleasant words were liable to be misconstrued. John M. Dobbs and Claire Botkin tried to compromise the matter by writing complimentary verses in which the omission of alternate lines revealed their true feelings. Edith D. Moses was ingeniously hypocritical in her opening stanzas:

(May) noble Poverty and Toil
Reward you here below.

May you enjoy poor health this year;
Illness makes one meek. . . .

But her last stanza kicked out, and with a false rhyme.

Take this last wish straight from the heart
Of one who loves you not;
That all the wildling oats you sow
May yield a splendid crop.

I was left in the end dreaming about the verses Max Beerbohm might have written to an old enemy and attempting to decide between the entries by E. Bodenhafer, E. M. S. Lockwood, Martha Greenholt, Ignoto, Tartuffe, and N. E. N. M. E., who would have done better to stop short after the first two verses of one of her poems

If a New Year's wish were proffered me
I would wish for wishes fifty-two
A wish for every single week
And every single wish for you.

I would be the Fate that rules your way
I would mete out Justice, better far
Than that blind goddess Destiny—
She does not know you as you are.

This lost its force by the addition of four less effective stanzas. Her other entries were almost as good. Martha F. Gay deserves honorable mention for a poem in which Pain is the old enemy; and Maurice F. Hanline for some preposterously amusing verses beginning—

Dear Mr. Jones . . . The last time that we met
Or almost met—you left your shirt behind.
I watched you through the window. With regret
My wife looked at the shirt. I did not mind.
She took it rather badly . . . thought it queer
That you should leave so suddenly from here.

The New Year's come and I've forgotten that.
I send the season's greetings. I regret
I cannot wear the stockings or the hat
It was so careless of you to forget.
But for the shirt, herewith enclosed my check,
And for the New Year—break your goddamn neck.

But Ignoto with his Christmas card manner wins the prize.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN ART. By R. H. Wilenski. Stokes. 1927. $5.

A very closely reasoned and much too logical argument from the false major premise with which the book opens, "The idea behind the modern movement in the arts is a return to the architectural or classical idea." We learn subsequently that the architectural idea in the making of beautiful forms is entire freedom, subject only to the artist's own choice and ultimate approval. It would be a complete criticism of the book merely to listen to the loud guffaw which the reading of this definition of the architectural idea would evoke in the draughting room of any architect. With portentous seriousness the author develops an impeccable dialectic, laboring the familiar notion of the purity of the work of art with the zeal of a recent proselyte. He divides his artists according to their degree of self determination into neat categories of higher or lower. The whole business is of a quite inhuman coherency. The good parts are the asides where the author forgets himelf. The chief value of a book like this is to make the thoughtless think. We advise the reader to shake Mr. Wilenski's postulates and definitions before taking.

TREES AT NIGHT. By Art Young. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $3.

It is a surprise to find the admirable caricaturist of the old *Masses*, in an exercise of pure fancy. His success in the new adventure shows the ready convertibility of great talent. Leonardo da Vinci once advised the painter to muse on the casual stains on an old wall until they assumed new forms and meanings. In this spirit Art Young has let the disorderly arabesque of trees and plants against the nocturnal sky speak to him. They have told him whimsical, grave, at times terrible things. They have spoken of caravans, sinister birds in flight, archangels, pastoral dances, pedants at study, panic stricken steeds, Pegasus cruelly tied to earth. These fancies are rendered in black wash with a rich and free handling which a Japanese painter would approve. It is a book to put on one's shelf and take to one's heart.

Cezanne. By Roger Fry. Macmillan. $3.50.
Early Florentine Architecture and Decoration. By *Edgar W. Anthony*. Harvard University Press. $5.

Belles Lettres

The American Novel Today. By *Régis Michaud*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Much Loved Books. By *James O'Donnell Bennett*. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.
Essaying the Essay. By *Burges Johnson*. Little, Brown.
A Book of Prefaces. By *H. L. Mencken*. Knopf.
A Study of the Iliad in Translation. By *Frank L. Clark*. University of Chicago Press. $3.
The Essays of Montaigne. Translated by *E. J. Trechmann*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $3.
The Way of Modernism and Other Essays. By *J. F. Berthune-Baker*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).
Whimsical Whimsies. By *Annie Kilburn-Kilmer*. Avondale Press.
How to Succeed in College. By *William F. Book*. Baltimore: Warwick & York.
Occupational Groups and Child Development. By *Stuart W. Stoke*. Harvard University Press.
Ethics of Achievement. By *Herbert Patterson*. Badger.
Shakespeare Improved. By *Hazelton Spencer*. Harvard University Press. $5.
The Dialogue Concerning Tyndale. By *Sir Thomas More*. Edited by *A. W. Reed*. London: Eyre & Spottiswode.
The Goddess Fortuna in Mediaeval Literature. By *Howard R. Patch*. Harvard University Press. $5.
Illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts." By *William Blake*. With an Introductory Essay by *Geoffrey Keynes*. Harvard University Press. $35.
Reading and Literature. By *Melvin E. Haggerty*. World Book Co. 2 vols. $1.36 each.
A History of French Literature. By *William A. Nitze* and *E. Preston Dargan*. Revised Edition. Holt. $5.
Spiritual Gravitation. By *Alice Dew-Smith*. Cambridge, Eng.: Heffer.
New Essays. By *Oliver Goldsmith*. Chicago University Press. $3.
Our Hellenic Heritage. By *H. R. James*. Macmillan. $4.50.
New York Is Not America. By *Ford Madox Ford*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

Biography

STUFFED PEACOCKS. By Emily Clark. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Miss Clark writes of the Old South, or rather of its present day representatives, who obstinately refuse to give way before the traditionless energy of modern business. In the neighborhood of Richmond, in particular, she has found a number of curious and interesting specimens which she has brought together to make an entertaining if unexciting book. Though Miss Clark has contributed largely to the *American Mercury*, her style is quieter and better bred than that of the majority of Mr. Mencken's young people. In a form somewhere between that of the short story and that of the character sketch, she places these gentlefolk and their negro servants before us, appearing always to understand them and to handle them lightly, as befits rare and strange beings not long for this crude day. It is an unreal world, and one not often dramatic, but where tragedy breaks into it, as in her sketch of the insane wife, it is unforgetable. Her irony is as restrained as her use of pathos. Though she sees through her subjects, her book has taken on some of their dignity and a shade of their boredom.

The Yankee of the Yards. By *Louis F. Swift*. Shaw.
Henry Aiken. By *Walter Shaw Sparrow*. Scribners. $6.
War Letters of John Chipman Gray and Codman Ropes. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.
George Henry Bokes. By *Edward Sculley Bradley*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.
Marco Polo. By *Sir George Scott*. London: Black.
Masters of War. By *Neville D'Esterre*. London: Allen & Unwin.
The Oxford History of the United States. By *Samuel Eliot Morison*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols.
John Muir of Wall Street. By *O. Muriel Fuller*. Knickerbocker Press. $2.50.
Great Captains Unveiled. By *Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart*. Little, Brown. $3.50 net.
Harriet Martineau. By *Theodora Bosanquet*. London: Etchells & Macdonald.
Matthew Fontaine Maury. By *Charles L. Lewis*. Annapolis: U. S. Naval Institute.

Fiction

IRON WILL. By Charles Neville Buck. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

After a discouragingly wooden beginning, during which we despair of the novel's ever coming to anything, Mr. Buck's tale gets into its stride, and we enjoy it thoroughly. It is a story of feuds and prejudices in the mountains of Kentucky; good sense and swift narrative combine to stimulate a real interest in the characters and their fortunes. "Iron Will" concerns itself particularly with the advance of industry into the mountains; the natives instinctively resist it, and they mistakenly regard an entirely benevolent capitalist as the devil himself. Dramatic interest is obtained by the dilemma of a native son, educated at Harvard, who comes back to Kentucky as the ambassador of the threatening industrialism. Mr. Buck obviously knows the mountaineers; he brings them to us colorfully, with all their faults and virtues. The book is loaded with legitimate atmosphere and in no way outrages the sensibilities of an intelligent reader. It is recommended as good entertainment.

EROS THE SLAYER. By Aino Kallas. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

Two studies of love in Estonia during the sixteenth century are contained in Mme. Kallas's new book, which Alex Matson has translated from the Finnish. In the first, the noble lady Barbara von Tisenhusen falls in love with a scribe, elopes with him, and is punished for it by her brother after the custom of the time. In the second, which is both more interesting and better told, Catharina Wyck, wife of the Rector of Reigi, an obscure fishing village on an island in the Baltic, is similarly carried away by her husband's deacon, and is put to death for her sin. The story is related in stiff and churchly style by the husband, producing an uncommon effect of authentic contact with the period. The scene of execution is unforgetable. The erring wife is made to walk thrice around the public square in which she is to be beheaded, while the Rector, lost in the crowd, overcome by the realization that he still loves her, watches. To overcome the rather unpromising atmosphere of both stories, it is only necessary to read a few pages, and it becomes inevitable in connection with such a subject. Much of Mme. Kallas's work is, no doubt, rather a literary curiosity than a thing of permanent value, but in these two stories at least she has conveyed a striking impression of her talent to all readers.

FAIR EXCHANGE: A Novel in the First Person. By Grant Richards. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

This novel will do one thing for the casual reader. It will give him an excellent notion of the methods employed in the purchase and sale of works of art. Roger Marsden, the central character of the novel, is a man of wealth who befriends a struggling dealer in paintings; a vast sum is needed for the purchase of a forgotten Rembrandt, and from this rst loan a larger interest springs up. But when the reader has finished with the small talk of paintings and art dealers he will find the rest of the novel far-fetched and indigestible. As a matter of fact, "Fair Exchange" is one of the most thoroughly botched novels, from the point of view of plot-construction, that can well be imagined. Towards the end it flies violently to pieces and utterly ruins any favorable opinion we may have held concerning the good judgment of Mr. Grant Richards.

THE LUNATIC IN LOVE. By J. Storer Clouston. Dutton. 1927. $2.

Mr. Storer's lunatic is familiar to most of us by now. We have been amused by him ever since "The Lunatic at Large," but while his first appearance caused inordinate laughter, his fifth is almost too carefully funny. Why it should prove less entertaining to read of him in love than in the midst of less emotional exploits is difficult to explain, but the fact remains. Perhaps Mr. Clouston's vein of nonsense is merely becoming thin; perhaps he has been spoiled by success; perhaps this is merely a temporary lapse, and the sixth chapter of his adventures will prove as inimitable as ever. At present, however, it seems that the tricks which have become so well known: the changing of disguises, the sudden appearances in unexpected places, the ridiculous understatements—in fact all of Mr. Clouston's apparatus of humor,—heed replacement. Which is not to say that much of his new book fails of its object for those unhappy mortals who have not yet made the lunatic's acquaintance.

JULIUS. By a Gentleman with a Duster. Doran. 1927. $2.

The author of this novel has a definite reputation outside the field of fiction. It, however, will add nothing to his stature as a literary figure. We find that he has temporarily forgotten politics and taken up the study of the intelligent Jew in post-war England. His protagonist, Julius, is a young man whose father is a Christian Jew, and the latter part of the novel is occupied with the boy's trying to arrive at some sort of a religious compromise, some sort of a universal religion that might modernize existing creeds and take advantage of all their most useful features. But this propaganda is by no means the whole of the novel. The greater part is a long-winded narrative full of interesting social documentation, but as slow as a rheumatic tortoise. In addition to a few memorable characters, we get a good picture of country life in England after 1918, but we do not get a good story. And yet, for those readers who fancy the pace of Archibald Marshall, "Julius' 'may be an attractive novel. In any case, it is not modern in spirit or method; rather, it is distinctly old-fashioned.

Claire Ambler. By *Booth Tarkington*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
C'Est la Guerre. Edited by *J. G. Dunton*. Stratford. $2.50.
Dan Minturn. By *M. M. Hedges*. Vanguard. 50 cents.
The Top Drawer. By *One Who Was Born In It*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
The Squealer. By *Edgar Wallace*. Doubleday, Doran.
The Portrait Invisible. By *Joseph Gollomb*. Macmillan. $2.
The House of Dr. Edwardes. By *Francis Beeding*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
Uncertain Treasure. By *Helen Woodbury*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
Colorado. By *William McLeod Raine*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
Tinker's Leave. By *Maurice Baring*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
Toward Sodom. By *B. Mabel Dunham*.
The Virgin in Judgment. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan.
The Forest. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan.
Southern Charm. By *Isa Glenn*. Knopf. $2.50.
Due Reckoning. By *Stephen McKenna*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
The Golden Ass of Apuleius. The Arlington translation amplified from the more complete text of Thomas Taylor. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.
A President Is Born. By *Fannie Hurst*. Harpers. $2.50.
Tancred. By *Benjamin Disraeli*. Knopf.

Foreign

Le Probleme du Logement. By *Henri Sellies* and *A. Bruggeman*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).
L'Organisation du Travail dans la Region Envadie de la France Pendant L'Occupation. By *Pierre Boulin*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).
L'Industrie Belge Pendant L'Occupation Allemande. By *Comte Charles de Kerchois de Denteighem*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).
Qui Je Fus. By *Henry Michaux*. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.
Die Deutsche Kriegnahrungs-wirtschaft. By *August Skalzweit*. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt (Yale University Press).

Juvenile

For "Children's Bookshop," see next page.

Told Again. By *Walter de la Mare*. Knopf. $3.50.
More Tens and Twenties. By *Mary D. Chambers*. Manchester, N. H.: Magnificent Press. $1.25.
Household Stories from the Brothers Grimm. Illustrated by *Charles Crane*. Macmillan. $1.75.
The Singing Farmer. By *James S. Tippett*. World Book Co.
Midwinter. By *Katharine Adams*. Macmillan. $1.75.
The Golden Bird. By *Katharine Gibson*. Macmillan. $2.50.
Little Black Eyes. By *Karlene Kent*. Macmillan. $2.
Mother's Away. By *Margaret Ashmun*. Macmillan. $1.75.
As the Crow Flies. By *Cornelia Meigs*. Macmillan. $1.75.
A Child's Garden of Verses. By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Macmillan. $1.
Five Going on Six. By *A. B. Ross*. Winston. $1.50.
A Sailor of Napoleon. By *John Lesterman*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Miscellaneous

CHILDREN OF SWAMP AND WOOD. By Archibald Rutledge. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Rutledge's sketches of wild life in the Carolina low country are always readable and sometimes distinguished by a style that entitles them to membership in the library of nature literature. He is fortunate in the picturesque interest of his country—a land that is beautiful with the melancholy of a terrain where man has given way to nature. The rice plantations and their backwaters, once reclaimed, now given over to the rattler, the deer, the egret, and the wood duck, have precisely that association without the dominance of man which gives charm to the wilder English country and the New England hills. And he is fortunate too in his love for a soil which his ancestors have owned and cultivated for many generations. Trivial things—the death of a rabbit, the leap of a deer, the beauty of a cypress, the skill of a negro woodsman—are not trivial when he writes

(*Continued on next page*)

WHY.... Did These Great Masters
JESUS
BUDDHA
CONFUCIUS
ZOROASTER
All teach the same principles of life?
WHERE did they get their knowledge?
HOW can we gain this knowledge today...Read interesting, amazing revelations in.....
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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of them. Indeed, these essays are not more interesting, but perhaps more valuable as literature, than their modest pretentions would make them seem.

A CAT BOOK. By E. V. Lucas. Harpers. 1927. $1.50.

E. V. Lucas is widely known both in England and America. "Felix the Cat" is famous in the Movies. But Pat Sullivan, though a fine old Irish name, is associated in the mind of the average reader with nothing in particular. "Pat Sullivan?" he might vaguely query. "Was that the policeman hammer-thrower,—oh no, I guess that was Pat MacDonald." Now the fact is that Pat Sullivan is the original creator of of the feline "Felix," that has gamboled into the hearts of movie-goers all over the world. And Felix is not to be confused with Krazy Kat, whose creator, Merriman, *is* known quite widely, if only through the good offices of Gilbert Seldes; for people usually forget the names signed to comic strips, even though they scan the same avidly for years. Felix is quite different from "Krazy" but quite as remarkable a cat.

In this little book Felix descends from the silversheet. Something of his fantastic charm is lost in the absence of motion. He is not quite the cat for "stills." And then Felix is American all over and Mr. Lucas's verses accompanying his attitudes are English all over. The two do not blend very well, though the verses are perfectly adequate in their own manner. Nevertheless, we have been amused by these pages. And children, who are difficult to edify, will at least be moved to a chuckle or two.

AMERICAN MEDICINE AND THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH. By Harry H. Moore. Appleton. 1927. $5.

This is scarcely a book for the general reader but a valuable reference work. The material is gathered from every possible source and abstracted in an entirely dispassionate way. The present state of American medical practice is clearly presented, we are shown how it has reached the existing situation, future possibilities in the way of development are indicated but with no personal advocacy of one or another. Nearly half the book is taken up by appendices in which many important documents are reprinted. The bibliography is very inclusive.

We are told that the physician was never so competent as now and never so little appreciated. This is an anomalous condition to which many causes have contributed. They are carefully appraised. An interesting comparison is made between our educational system and the care of the sick. There is sufficient unanimity of opinion in regard to what children should be taught to justify a somewhat rigid and compulsory method. In dealing with disease the assertion of personal liberty is a much more formidable consideration. It is only less cherished in this province than in religion. While this remains true Medicine cannot be standardized and only a gradual improvement in its ministry is to be hoped for. The peculiarly difficult problem of medical service in rural sections is set forth.

THIS SMOKING WORLD. By A. E. Hamilton. Century. 1927. $2.50.

An attractive small volume with decorations cut by M. J. Gallagher. It is a history of the curious human custom of smoking; anecdotal, amusing, pro and con. Facts and humor are blended. The eminent of the English-speaking world have their say on the habit. Any smoker will be interested in it.

THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC. By Roy Dickinson Welch. Harpers. 1927. $2.

This title implies nothing in particular. One asks "what is the book about?" Its excellence is due to the remarkable art of selection employed by Mr. Welch in adhering to the purpose defined in his preface. His aim and achievement are an explanation of the raw materials of music—melody, rhythm, and harmony—and of form, the chief requisite for coherence in the finished product of music. He refrains from discussing the historical and developmental questions which arise temptingly from his pages, and presents an invitation to study, not a great gathering of ideas.

There is helpful analysis of the form of certain famous compositions but rightful restraint from superfluous verbal description of these and Mr. Welch remains free from the verboseness common to much literature which tries to talk about music. His easy and concise style is pleasant to read, and his reduction of material to first principles makes him understandable to the most untrained of music lovers, and a guide for elementary teachers.

There is one inaccurate remark, doubtless a concession to popular opinion, but a noticeable defect, as it is the opening sentence:- "Beautiful sounds are the raw material of music." Sounds related in time and in pitch are the raw material of music. A definition of "beautiful" is not given and thus his statement, if not directly misleading, carries too vague a meaning.

Major Sport Fundamentals. By *Charles E. Hammett.* Scribners. $2.

The Methodist Year Book. Edited by *Oliver S. Baketel.* Methodist Book Concern.

Business-Cycle Theory. By *Alvin Harvey Hansen.* Ginn.

The Story of the Films. Edited by *Joseph P. Kennedy.* Shaw.

The Rate of Living. By *Raymond Pearl.* Knopf. $3.50.

Juggling a Rope. By *Charles H. Coe.* Pendleton, Ore.: Hamley.

The Story of the American Indian. By *Paul Radin.* Boni & Liveright. $5.

Clothes Economy for Well-Dressed Women. By *Margery Wells.* Dodd, Mead.

In the Wake of the Wind Ships. By *Frederick William Wallace.* Sully. $6.

The Golden Book. By *Douglas C. McMurtrie.* Covici. $6.

An Introduction to Bibliography. By *Ronald B. McKerron.* Oxford University Press. $6.

Modern Aircraft. By *Major Victor W. Pagé.* New York: Henley. $5 net.

Old Sox on Trumpeting. By *E. J. Gundlach.* Chicago: Consolidated Book Publishers.

Gravestones of Early New England. By *Harriette Merrifield Forbes.* Houghton Mifflin. $12.50.

Horse-Lovers. By *Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke.* Scribners. $3.50.

The Estate of George Washington, Deceased. By *Eugene E. Prussing.* Little, Brown. $6 net.

The Man-Eaters of Tsavo. By *Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Education and Philanthropy. By *John Alfred Stevenson.* Appleton. $2.50.

Wills, Trusts, and Estates. By *James L. Madden.* Appleton. $2.50.

Pamphlets

Sir Isaac Newton. By *C. D. Broad.* Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

A Short Course in Love Culture. Unicorn Press. 25 cents.

The Constitution in the Early French Revolution. By *George Gordon Andrews.* Crofts. 60 cents.

Parliamentary Reform in England. By *George Gordon Andrews.* Crofts. 60 cents.

Inside Stuff on How to Write Popular Songs. By *Abel Green.* New York: Paul Whiteman.

Jingo. By *John Veiby.* South Bend, Ind.

Paul Vinagrodoff. By *H. A. L. Fisher.* Oxford University Press. $1.75.

Peter Testman's Account of His Experiences in North America. Translated and edited by *Theodore C. Blegen.* Norwegian-American Historical Association.

Philosophy

Delusion and Dream. By *Sigmund Freud.* New Republic.

Totem and Taboo. By *Sigmund Freud.* Translated by *A. A. Brill.* New Republic.

The Scientific Habit of Thought. By *Frederick Barry.* Columbia University Press. $3.

Instincts and Emotions. By *Roger W. Babson.* Revell. $2.

Philosophy and the Social Problem. Simon & Schuster. $3.

The Realm of Essence. By *George Santayana.* Scribners. $3.50.

New Realism and Old Reality. By *Luther Evans.* Princeton University Press. $2.50.

The Anatomy of Melancholy. By *Robert Burton.* Edited by *Floyd Dell* and *Paul Jordan-Smith.* Doran. 2 vols.

Thurston's Philosophy of Marriage. By *William Robert Thurston.* New York: Tiffany Press.

Poetry

Riders in the Sun. By *C. T. Davis.* Vinal.

The Fragments of the Lyrical Poems of Alcæus. Edited by *Edgar Lobel.* Oxford University Press. $7.

Selected Poems. By *Mollie E. Moore Davis.* New Orleans: Green Shutter Bookshop.

Brush Strokes. By *Dorothy Graham* and *James W. Bennett.* Vinal.

Hale's Pond and Other Poems. By *James Whalen.* Vinal.

Ballads of All Nations. Translated by *George Borrow.* Edited by *R. Brimley Johnson.* Knopf. $5.

Black and White. Edited by *J. C. Byars, Jr.* Washington: Crane Press.

Saplings 1927. Pittsburg: Scholastic Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

A White Sail Set. By *Virginia Lyne Tunstall.* Vinal.

Hardy or Annual?

By Kermit Roosevelt

CHILDREN'S books quite naturally fall into two classes, just as do "grown-up" books—there are the hardy perennials, and the annuals. The division does not necessarily make itself clear for some time after the first appearance of the book; but the true and tried perennials can invariably be shown forth by a visit to one of the large book-selling houses around Christmas time. There, in new and ever more glorious raiment, are to be seen "Alice in Wonderland," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," the "Swiss Family Robinson," "Baron Munchausen," "Uncle Remus," Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," "Moby Dick," and many another luminary of approximately similar brilliance.

Every so often some enterprising publisher furbishes up a star which has become dimmed in the passage of time, and sets it forth on a new career.

Recently Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log" appeared in elaborate form with an excellent foreword by William McFee. I have long been expecting to see revived a family favorite, Bird's "Nick of the Woods," which first appeared in 1834, and appeared in various editions, apparently making its final bow in the 'eighties. "Nick of the Woods" is a tale of Indians and Quakers, and to us at least, it appealed as equal to Cooper's novels.

The line between juvenile and adult literature must always be hazy. Such books as "Alice in Wonderland" and "Robinson Crusoe" are definitely both; others like the "Swiss Family Robinson" lose their appeal as youth is left behind. Still others appeal both to a certain type of child and a certain type of grown-up.

Of late years a number have definitely, and as far as can be seen, for all time been added. Certain volumes of Kipling and Kenneth Grahame and Milne belong in this category. Doctor Dolittle was heralded by many as having joined the classics, but the last few years appear to have contradicted this forecast. Time alone can supply the acid test. Mayne Reid was universally devoured by two or perhaps three generations. We were well versed in him when we were children, and I notice that my own children read my old copies with absorbed interest; still for some reason of which I am not aware there do not seem to have been any recent editions. Surely "Afloat in the Forest" would justify refurbishing, and lend itself admirably to a gorgeous set of modern illustrations.

Reviews

THE GATEWAY TO AMERICAN HISTORY. By Randolph G. Adams. Boston: Little Brown & Co. (Atlantic Monthly Publication). 1927. $3.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

IN a double sense Mr. Adams's book is appropriately named. It deals with the earliest years of American history, the age of discovery, exploration, and settlement up to the founding of New Amsterdam by the Dutch. It is intended, moreover, for very young readers, for children from the fourth to the eighth grades. But this does not mean that adults will not value the book. Its chief novelty is its presentation of a remarkable series of engravings from old and rare books, and many a student who finds the letter-press far too elementary for his attention will be glad to possess these reproductions from Theodore De Bry's "Voyages," Champlain's "Les Voyages de la Nouvelle France," John Smith's "General Historie," and so on. The volume would have been more valuable still had it not been for the recent publication of the first volume of the Yale University Press's "Pageant of America," which covers much the same field with decidedly more fulness.

Nevertheless, Mr. Adams's collection includes many distinctive plates, not easily available anywhere else. The author is librarian of the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan; struck by the interest his little son showed in rare old pictures, he made photostats of them, at first without thought of publication. His seventy-five illustrations cover the Oriental trade, the voyages of Columbus, Cabot, and Drake, the life of both northern and southern Indians, and the planting of Virginia and New France. Considering that they are made upon uncalendered paper, they are remarkably well reproduced. The running text makes a pleasant and effective story for youngsters, many of whom should find this a very fascinating gateway to history indeed. For the satisfaction of scholars, it would have been well to devote a page to a full bibliographical note, for most of the pictures are credited to their source only by a word or two, such as "Le Beau, 1738."

ROSELLE OF THE NORTH. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $1.75.

Reviewed by Edwin L. Sabin

AS evidence that the American nation is not utterly lost in manners and morals one may point to the trend of the books now being written for the American youth. A story like Constance Lindsay Skinner's "Roselle of the North" is as wholesome as the short skirt on a freely tripping high-school girl. It is a story for girls, too; and such a story—not only a brimming outdoors story, but a story of a girl among the "redskins"! They are the Crees, of the crisp North, in the Hudson's Bay Company times. They are genuine Indians; and the foster parents, Kaska and Sikawa, and the other adopted relatives and the friends of Roselle (Flying Heart who had always lived in the Cree country with her supposed father, Dark Fontaine the trapper) are as human as any characters in the old "Peterkin Papers." One will go far without finding a more lively and vivid figure than Flying Heart's girl cousin, Unripe Nut, and particularly that excellent grand-dame Bik-bik, who by her prowess as a young mother had gained a place in the war dance and the medicine dance. There is much Indian and woods lore, there are the enemy Sioux and French trappers, there is a deep mystery plot interwoven with other plots. Moreover, as was to be expected, the tale is exceedingly well told, with sympathy and with a pleasing reserve that does not, however, damper the exciting episodes. If sister and brother do not have tilts over first reading of "Roselle of the North," then the "Campfire" and the "Scouts" organizations still have proselyting work to do.

THE TORCH. Selected and Arranged by Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $1.75.

In a day of many anthologies, a large number of which, incidentally, are compiled for children, the present solid volume edited by one who is herself a poet, is entitled to its place. Mrs. Willcox displays excellent taste in her choices. She ranges through the whole field of English literature and, for the most part, chooses poems that have stirred young people for generations. There is, perhaps, no great originality in her compilation, but the manner of its arrangement is good and the book shows a knowledge of the corpus of English poetry. It will serve as an excellent introduction to the Muses. Choices are as different as Shelley's lines on "The Moon," Browning's "Marching Along," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem," by Phillips Brooks. What we feel chiefly about the volume is that it contains most the best verse of different kinds familiar to children reared in cultivated homes where the fine old simple virtues are not despised. And this includes a penchant for fine nonsense, such as "You Are Old, Father William," and Charles Carryl's "The Plaint of the Camel."

Many of us have felt for a long time that all that a number of classics need to send them "over the top" with the young generation is some comparatively simple editing, for instance, the deleting not of material old-fashioned yet always good, but of long stretches of mediocrity, as in Cooper, or of essentially unnecessary conversation or description irritating to the straightforward modern mind. Such editing would be a very different thing from the expurgating or simplifying that has been done too often for children. If publishers will not see the process through, an intelligent grown-up reading out loud could do a fairly satisfactory job *en route*, with the aid of a pencil and a little looking ahead. And even a young reader might help himself out of tedium into the real interest of some old story by the mere possession of the knowledge that you don't always have to read each word when you're not interested. The whole subject bears thinking about!

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

B. M. C., New York, wants a book that gives an amateur wood worker instructions and prints articles of house furniture and toys.

"THE Boy's Busy Book," by Chelsea Fraser (Crowell), devotes most of its nearly five hundred pages to woodwork, beginning with jack-knife whittling and carving, and going through miniature models of sail and motor boats, things for the kitchen, and various conveniences for the house and yard. This is a recent publication, and so is "Household Carpentry" (Macmillan), by L. M. Roehl, of the State College of Agriculture, Ithaca. This begins with the care of tools and tells how to make many articles for the house or farm, with detailed instructions and diagrams for the larger pieces of work such as bookcases, stepladder, ironing board, or porch swing; stock bills of material are given. A handy man—or woman—around the house would find this book a source of inspiration and instruction.

The Mayfield Victorian Club, Mayfield, California, is interested in Victorianism and anxious to collect "material appealing to the senses which is illuminative of the English Victorian scene." They are looking for advice from this department and its readers in books with collections of photographs, daguerreotypes, or sketches of historical and economic events of the period, or of fashions, architecture, decoration, sports, celebrities, songs, music halls, cricketers, and Parliamentary leaders.

MY first advice was to get "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England" (Stokes), four volumes gathered by Charles Graves from the deathless pages of this periodical, pictures and all. But I find that his pride of my own library is now out of print. There is Mowat's "Graphic History of Great Britain" (Oxford University Press) an inexpensive work with many pictures, in three parts, the last going from 1815 to the Great War. From the same press is Charlotte Waters's "Economic History of England" from 1066 to 1874, also well illustrated.

The famous song "Hot Codlins," to which reference is often made in stories of the period, is to be found in Erroll Sherson's "London's Lost Theatres of the Nineteenth Century" (Lane), a book full of information and pictures bearing on this subject. The even better-known "Samuel Hall" is given in full in Arthur Hayward's "The Days of Dickens" (Dutton) with the original circumstances of its singing: this too is a book for the club to own, and so are all the books of Walter Dexter: "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimage" (Lippincott), for instance, and the new "Rogues and Vagabonds of Dickens" (Lippincott); these have fine pictures and any amount of information. The student of Carl Sandburg's "An American Songbag" (Harcourt, Brace) will soon discover which of these songs are of British origin and the Victorian period; I have been taking my busman's holiday this Christmas in playing straight through this enthralling work. Only I would have been even happier had the makers of the piano settings always taken the same attitude to their material as that of Julien Tiersot, whose "Noels Français" came into my possession at the same time. For he says that he tried only to adjust to each song its "vêtement sonore," so as to bring out the particular spirit of each, "évitant également les vaines recherches d'archaïsme et *les subtilités affinées de l'art moderne, qui eussent été déplacées ici*"—the italics are mine.

The club asks for information on the Rogers statuary groups. But the Rogers groups were American. Ask Mark Sullivan, he knows.

T. W. H., Jr., Darien, Conn., has been asked the broad and often baffling question, 'What books do you like?' followed by 'What would you recommend me to read?'

UNDAUNTED by so large an order, he sends me the following list, adding: 'It would be cruelty to humans to impose the likes of one personality on the probable dislikes of another, but I have had a heap of fun in my library at Brookside trying to answer the first question. Humans who are human like to know what each other read *with relish* and I am giving you mine. It's one of the lists that can never be complete, but it does call up some of the best recollections of my life, books that have been gaining entrance to my life since I was a youngster and that will find a hospitable place on my shelf as long as my library lasts."

"The Philosophy of William James." (Modern Library, No. 114.)

"Richard Feveral" and "Diana of the Crossways," Meredith.

"Talks to Writers," Lafcadio Hearn.

"The Human Machine" and "Literary Taste," Arnold Bennett.

"History of Western Europe," J. H. Robinson.

"Theodore Roosevelt," W. R. Thayer.

"America Comes of Age," André Siegfried.

"The Betrothed," Manzoni.

"Discursions on Travel, Art and Life," Osbert Sitwell.

"Over the Tea Cups," O. W. Holmes.

"Alexander the Great," Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

"The Great God Brown," Eugene O'Neill.

"Roderick Hudson," Henry James.

"Seven Great Statesmen," Andrew White.

"Napoleon," Fisher.

"Landmarks in French Literature," Lytton Strachey.

"Ariel," André Maurois.

"Shelley," J. A. Symonds.

"The Life and Times of Cavour," and "The Letters of William Roscoe Thayer," Thayer.

"Sketches of the Old Road Through France to Florence," Murray (a new edition of this has lately appeared).

"A Short History of Italy," H. D. Sedgwick.

"The Spell of Italy," Mason.

"The Life of Pasteur," Valéry-Radot.

"The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," and "The Journal of a Recluse," Merejkowski.

I notice in this list, first the fine Italian hand; the compiler is creator and conductor of the Italiana Literary Guide Service of the Italy-America Society and editor of the Italiana Bibliography. Second, the small proportion of novels, something noticed in many personal-preference book-lists made by men, and not a few made by women—especially now that biography is taking on much of the aspect of fiction.

The more book-lists I make, and the more I examine from the work of others, the better prepared I am to appreciate the truth thrown off so casually by Christopher Morley, Jr., (aged eleven) in a recent number of this *Review*. Said he, "Of course if the child is not especially interested in books there are plenty of books about what he is interested in." This, if I can enlist the services of the calligraphers in my family, is to be writ fair and placed above the desk from which go out the letters of the *Reader's Guide*. Young Mr. Morley has the right idea.

I. F. F., Springfield, Mass., says "In this age of hasty marrying and unmarrying, a little group of us have felt that a list of books which exemplify happy marriages of a lifetime would be timely. Such titles as 'An American Idyl,' 'The Jonathan Papers,' and 'The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre' had suggested themselves to us."

THE most honest and uncompromising treatment of a vital problem in modern marriage seems to me to be Maxwell Anderson's play, "Saturday's Children," now in printed form (Longmans, Green), but whether this is the book for which this group is looking is another matter. Here is a young couple deeply in love and determined to preserve this love through marriage. So far as anything in the play would indicate, they might never have been inside a church or formed part of a social circle; certainly no social pressure holds them in place, and they show no sign of religious obligation. In a word, they are choosing marriage for its own sake and on its merits, in spite of the fact that their union must meet the test, not only of having less money than they want, nor even of less money than they need, but of having less money than they have got to have. The pathetic compromise of these embattled children may settle nothing for them once the last curtain falls, but the steps by which it has been reached should be studied by any New Yorker.

It is scarcely fair to go back to the Victorians for types and models in married happiness: their problems were not ours: the nearest one may approach them is geographically, by way of the charming contemporary romances of Denis Mackail, whose "Greenery Street" (Houghton Mifflin) made a path for more than one of his happy stories, the latest being "The Flower Show" (Houghton Mifflin). There is a beautiful family life in "The House Made with Hands" (Bobbs-Merrill), by the anonymous author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" (Bobbs-Merrill): it reminds one of the earlier chapters of May Sinclair's "The Tree of Heaven" (Macmillan), Miss Sinclair's "The Rector of Wyck" (Macmillan) is the story of a good marriage, and the hero is a thoroughly good man: I recall that he was almost the only saint in fiction that year. Arnold Bennett's "Clayhanger" (Doran) makes an honest and durable marriage, not without friction, but then Mr. Bennett seems to regard matrimonial rows as David Harum did fleas on a dog, a reasonable number of which were required to keep him from brooding on being a dog. There is a glimpse of one of these hymeneal skirmishes in the rollicking new "The Vanguard" (Doran), a tale that need not be taken more seriously than it was written. Through the luminous haze of Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse" (Harcourt, Brace) may be discerned a marriage of enduring beauty, and in Frank Swinnerton's "Young Felix" (Doran) there is an ideal mother.

Entertaining novels of marriage problems and their adjustment continue to be produced in this neighborhood and widely read, but the parties are seldom old enough to have given the institution a fair chance. In Helen Woodbury's new novel, "Uncertain Treasure" (Little, Brown), for instance, the action takes in only the first adjustments, but these are honestly treated, the passing over from one phase of happiness to quite another made clear, and the responsibility placed squarely upon the husband and wife, no third parties taking more than a brief space. Margaret Widdemer's "More Than Wife" (Harcourt, Brace) complicates the first years of marriage by the wife's profession of architecture; this is one of the stories saved by the stork. In Dorothy Speare's "A Virgin of Yesterday" (Doran) the wise sister marries well and even the foolish one is snatched to safety. Kathleen Norris's novels may in general be trusted to keep out of the divorce courts, many of her heroines being able to stop halfway over the falls. This is an accomplishment more often found in print than in persons. Mrs. Norris has given us, however, one of the classics of happy marriage, the short story "Mother," on which the novel of the same name was based—a fine story that looks through troubles to the love that makes them insignificant. Ben Ames Williams argues the case of country against city as a place to live, in his novel of a good marriage, "Immortal Longings" (Dutton), Dorothy Walworth Carman brings her heroine safely through the perils of a suburban marriage in "Pride of the Town" (Harper), and Fannie Kilbourne's "Mrs. William Horton Speaking" and "The Horton Twins" (Dodd, Mead), are happy reports from the commuting zones.

I do not know why we have so few novels, comparatively speaking, that show happy lifelong marriages in America. Perhaps the transatlantic decree that the honest woman has no romance still holds with writers; perhaps the happily married like to read about the unhappy, as the comfort of a firelit room is enhanced by cold winds outside.

H. L. S., Elizabeth, N. J., asks for books describing graphical methods of putting statistical information in diagrammatic form.

"GRAPHIC METHODS FOR PRESENTING FACTS," by Willard C. Brinton (Engineering Publ. Co., $6) is a survey of the field complete, meant for statisticians, business men, social workers, legislators, or anyone who wishes to chart statistics. Another work of the same general nature, ranging from the simplest to the most elaborate uses, is Karl G. Karsten's "Charts and Graphs" (Prentice-Hall, $6). The special uses of such methods in teaching is the subject of one of the Riverside textbooks, J. H. Williams's "Graphic Methods in Education" (Houghton Mifflin).

THE second volume of Marcel Poete's "Une Vie de Cite" (Paris: Placard) has just appeared. It covers the Paris of the Renaissance from the reign of Louis XI to that of Henry IV, opening with a vivid description of the entrance into the city of the newly crowned sovereign, and ending with an analysis of its spirit as it was about to pass over into a new epoch. It is a canvas perhaps a bit crowded which M. Poete has presented, but one bright with color and rich and varied in interest.

J. Leite de Vasconcellos, who some years ago established near Lisbon the Portuguese Ethnological Museum, one of the richest of its kind in the world, has now in a volume entitled "De Terra em Terra" (Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional) recorded some of the travels and adventures the results of which are embodied in the museum.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

VIBRATIONS. By *Frances Carruth Prinale.* Vinal.
GAY MATTER. By *Arthur Lippmann.* A. & C. Boni. $2.
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS. By *Alexander C. Judson.* University of Chicago Press. $2.50.
THE ULTIMATE LOVER. By *Marion Ethel Hamilton.* Covici.
HANDKERCHIEFS FROM PAUL. Edited by *Kenneth B. Murdock.* Harvard University Press.
THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL AND OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS. By *Charles R. Williams.* Bobbs-Merrill.
WHERE THE HOURS GO. By *Lefa Morse Eddy.* Vinal.
GLAMOUR AND WHIMSY. By *Clarence Watt Heazlitt.* Vinal.
A PERSIAN ANTHOLOGY. By *Edward Granville Brown.* Dutton. $1.90.
COLLECTED POEMS. By *Edwin Arlington Robinson.* Macmillan. 5 vols. $10.50.
THE POETRY CURE. Edited by Robert Haven *Shauffler.* Dodd, Mead.
THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS. Edited by Charles Vale. Doran. $2 net.

Travel

FLORENCE AND HER TREASURES. By *Herbert M. Vaughan.* Doran. $3 net.
CAMELS! By *Daniel W. Streeter.* Putnam. $2.50.
THE RIVER AND I. By *John G. Neihardt.* Macmillan. $3.
DRAGON LIZARDS OF KOMODO. By *W. Douglas Burden.* Putnam. $3.50.
THROUGH THE HEEL OF ITALY. By *Katharine Hooker.* Henkle. $5 net.

(*Continued on next page*)

Does This Fit You?

The religion of a large number of persons appears to be undergoing a transition that transcends the bounds prescribed by the system to which they have hitherto given allegiance. However, while conscious of a changing atmosphere without, as well as a transformation within themselves, they yet are reluctant to sever the connections which have bound them to their former beliefs, because their newly acquired religious ideas are hazy and unorganized, therefore in an unsatisfactory state.

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Points of View

Mr. Scoville Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Replying to Mr. Hibben's letter of December 10th in answer to my letter of November 26th in the matter of his biography of Henry Ward Beecher:

1. I wrote: "The sources which Mr. Hibben draws upon for his book include the *National Police Gazette*, extracts from the yellow journals of the seventies, and anonymous pamphlets and posters."

Mr. Hibben questions this statement. On page 364 of his book, the *National Police Gazette* is cited as one of his authorities. On page 367 *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* is cited as another authority. This was a publication at one time suppressed by the authorities as an obscene paper and Victoria Woodhull served a term of imprisonment for publishing the same. I submit that my adjective "yellow" was not misapplied.

On page 363, a pamphlet entitled, "A Looking Glass for Henry Ward Beecher," and on page 361, a book entitled, "The Great Brooklyn Romance," are cited as authorities. Both were anonymous.

On this point let me say that I do not object to Mr. Hibben's using any authority whatever. I do object to his not using them all. I object to his using the statements of Victoria Woodhull and omitting those of Julia Ward Howe; to his depending upon the *Police Gazette* and the Brooklyn *Romance* and suppressing the evidence of Lincoln, Grant, and Gladstone as to the character of Henry Ward Beecher.

2. I am not interested as to whether Robert G. Ingersoll was an atheist or an agnostic. He was no authority on the home-life of Henry Ward Beecher.

3. As to my statement that Mr. Beecher's accusers were discredited as self-confessed liars and blackmailers: One of them, Moulton, testified at the trial of Tilton vs. Beecher as follows: (Stenographer's notes)

"Q. Did you lie for him?"

"A. I did."

By falsely stating to Mr. Beecher that he had brought about Tilton's discharge as editor of the *Independent*, Moulton obtained large sums of money, ostensibly for Tilton, actual if not technical blackmail.

Mr. Hibben states that Mr. Beecher admitted that Moulton was not guilty of blackmail, but suppresses the last part of Mr. Beecher's statement which was as follows:

"Q. Mr. Beecher * * * the question which I put to you whether you now believe that Theodore Moulton intended to levy blackmail upon you * * * I put to you again * * *

"A. Well, sir, if you mean by blackmail that he levied contributions for his own benefit on me, I do not think it; but if you mean that he levied money upon me, using my generous feelings as the instrument, for the benefit of Mr. Tilton, I think he did." (Stenographer's notes, vol. 3, p. 114.)

4. Mr. Hibben objects to my statement that Mr. Beach, the chief counsel for Tilton, became convinced of Mr. Beecher's innocence as a result of the trial. He states: "This story was launched by Mr. Scoville's father after the death of Mr. Beecher."

If Mr. Hibben had taken the trouble to read more reliable authorities than the *Police Gazette* he would never have made such a statement. The story first appeared in the *Albany Law Journal* under the signature of John D. Parsons, on March 19, 1887, eleven days after Mr. Beecher's death. Mr. Parsons was one of the leaders of the New York bar and a personal friend of Mr. Beach, and he wrote in part as follows:

"Mr. Beach was predisposed to believe Beecher guilty, but after the trial he declared in our hearing that he believed him innocent * * * and that he could not understand how anyone could resist his solemn avowal. 'I felt and feel now,' said he, 'that we were a pack of hounds trying in vain to bring down an old lion.'"

This statement was confirmed by Hon. Martin L. Townsend and by other friends of Mr. Beach who were present at the time and is quoted in all the biographies of Beecher save the one written by Mr. Hibben. It is as well established as the fact that the judge who presided at the trial of Tilton vs. Beecher, on the occasion of Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday signed a resolution expressing confidence in Mr. Beecher's purity and integrity. This fact is also suppressed by Mr. Hibben.

5. and 6. Mr. Hibben, although admitting that the Council called by Plymouth Church and the National Council of Congregational Churches found in Mr. Beecher's favor, criticizes him for not instituting libel proceedings against his accusers. On this point Mr. Beecher once stated that if he spent his time in contradicting all the charges made against him by his enemies he would have time for nothing else and that his method was to try to make his life the best answer to them.

His accomplishments during the last ten years of his life and the honors heaped upon him seemed to indicate that his plan was a good one.

7. Mr. Hibben objects to my statement that he misrepresented the facts when he wrote that Mr. Beecher received a fifteen thousand dollar bribe of stock from Jay Cooke to boom the Northern Pacific Railroad in the columns of the *Christian Union*, and he quotes the biography of Jay Cooke by Oberholtzer as his authority for this statement. I will let the quotations speak for themselves. On page 263 Mr. Hibben writes as follows:

"He (Wilkerson) would buy Theodore Tilton with Jay Cooke's purse as he had secured the services of Beecher's editorial pen for fifteen thousand dollars worth of Northern Pacific stock."

Oberholtzer writes:

"Wilkerson employed himself in New York in an attempt to place the names of Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley upon the subscription list, with some pleasing concessions to them as to the time and manner of paying their instalments. Beecher was to be paid fifteen thoushad dollars and Greeley twenty thousand. Both being reckoned as powers in influencing the public mind to favor the new railroad."

There is some difference in *attempting* to bribe a man and in *succeeding*. Mr. Beecher never received a share of stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad from Jay Cooke and Dr. Oberholtzer advises me that he never found any authority which so stated.

8. Mr. Hibben quotes me as writing as follows:

"Mr. Beecher was not the editor of the *Christian Union*."

This is quite typical of Mr. Hibben's method, which is in evidence throughout his whole biography. He takes part of a statement and omits the rest. I wrote that "Mr. Beecher was not the editor of the *Christian Union* at that time," i. e. January, 1870. My authority is the unrebutted editorial of the *Outlook* which accused Mr. Hibben of perverting the truth by his statement.

9. As to Mr. Hibben's statement that my sister, Miss Annie B. Scoville, assisted him in an attempt to defame her grandfather's memory, I will let Miss Scoville speak for herself.

I wish that there were space to point out the mistakes and misstatements of fact which appear in every chapter of Mr. Hibben's biography, from the first page where he states that "the Shannon captured the Chesapeake outside of Boston Harbor with half Boston looking on," down to the last paragraph where he sets forth a silly and an imaginary incident.

In closing let me state that a biographer occupies a quasi-judicial position. It is his duty to state the facts fairly. If he suppresses them, if he manufactures or misstates them, he is not a biographer, but one who is properly described by a shorter and an uglier word.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

An Open Letter

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your editorial of December 24th, "Skeptics Wanted," is a trumpet-challenge unique enough to compel an utter agreement or opposition, and the present writer hopes that his reply, aroused but not acrimonious, will find a place in your magazine.

You sound an invitation to sane, liberal-minded disbelievers, to men and women who can discern the flaws, ill-tempered complacencies, and violent myopias prevailing in both the left and right wings of contemporary English Literature. These middle-people, however, exist in fairly large numbers in this country—Van Dorens, Hansens, Gormans, Untermeyers, Macys, and their semi-loyal followers—and if they are not in the ascendency it is because extreme conservatives and radicals move in closer and more vociferous packs and live in an age where indecision and doubt long for sharp antidotes. Yet, if the influence of these judicial and largely unoriginal centermen were more potent—outside of its ability to raise the sale of some passing novel to thirty or forty thousand copies—the literary situation at present would scarcely be invigorated, fortified, reconstructed. Unite the opposing fanaticisms and weld them to a third attitude that will be milder, more tolerant, more cautious, and you have a magisterial, often indistinct, weakly chuckling posture, as complacent in its own way as the conflicting centainties which it seeks to destroy. The defect in liberal skepticism lies in its inability to be skeptical of its own skepticism at times, to keep itself from congealing into a central point as fixed and uninquiring as those from which it has withdrawn. It never wakes up for moments to show both the confirmed conservative and radical the new roads which they have missed *inside of their own boundaries*: it deals exclusively with the traditional on one side and, on the other side, with those forms of experiment which have become motionless, which seek only to raise the structure of a new conservatism.

Hundreds of men and women writing like Shelley, Swinburne, Masefield, Dostoievsky, Shaw, Wells: other hundreds imitating James Joyce and T. S. Eliot—are the camp-followers on both broad sides important enough to invite a fatherly attention, a chastising and correction of those conflicting reiterations which are little more than *secretly friendly* professions of enmity? Peer closely at the professional conservative and radical in contemporary literature and you will find staggering similarities beneath the diverging syntax, rhythm, assumptions of reticence or sexual bravado, and visions of loveliness, purity, and nobility versus visions of ugliness, sensual mud, and sordidness. You will see the old sentimentalities, proudly blind emotionalisms, mental curfews, imaginations endlessly slumbering in an effort to fortify their first outbursts of curiosity: you will spy the same hatred for mystic speculation, hatred for any deliberate compromise between intellect and feeling.

What does it matter whether self-glorifying earthliness wears that strait-jacket lately labelled Mid-Victorian or whether it dilates upon the unctuous, confined details of Mr. and Mrs. Bloom's sexual musings and practices? It still remains sleek, self-confident, trading its little veils and nakednesses in those movements which critics insist on calling conservative and radical. It still retains an aversion for attitudes less obsessed with the buzzing, trapped, flitting "importances" of this world—attitudes that are genuinely skeptical to the point of holding no fear of inconsistency—that bugaboo of all earth-snuggling minds and hearts; attitudes too acrobatic to live in the small temples of security where men huddle together; attitudes that find in life naught but form, color, and substance continually mutilated and distorted by the moral, ethical, and carnal phantoms raised by human fear! Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. William Lyon Phelps possess an equally intense dislike for the qualities and postures just enumerated, and the only difference is that Mr. Eliot defends his basic distaste in an artful, erudite, resourceful, polished way, whereas the out-and-out conservative lets the feline out of the sack more bluntly and with all of the old, one-colored adjectives and reasons. The liberal skeptic in between these surfacely divergent men can do no more than censure or praise the shades and contours of their critical masks.

Years ago, the present writer was often amazed at the fact that Mr. Paul Rosenfeld and Mr. H. L. Mencken (to mention only one among numerous, apparently divided pairs), critics whose styles and secondary viewpoints could not possibly be more foreign to each other, nevertheless frequently admired and advanced the selfsame authors. Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Eugene O'Neill, and many others—how could Mr. Mencken and Mr. Rosenfeld blend in a rhapsodical praise of the same authors, if the desires and basic opinions of these two critics were really as dissimilar as they seemed to be? The answer became exposed in a survey of the authors on which the critics disagreed—Mr. Waldo Frank, for example. To Mr. Mencken, Mr. Waldo Frank was unintelligible, involved, over-decorative; to Mr. Rosenfeld, the same author was the essence of simplicity, clarity, poetic directness. The critics' differences concerned *style only*, and if Mr. Frank had written with the plain, child-like directness of a Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Mencken would have been eager to welcome him. Both critics preferred the same essence, content-matter, direction, and both hailed these identical attributes when questions of obscurity, subtlety, and embellishment did not stand in the way of this fundamental fusion.

What this country needs in literature—and what it will probably never have—is more *individuals* as opposed to groups: men and women removed from all of the fixed factions around them, and equally unresponsive to the inflexibilities held by conservative, radical, and liberal skeptic. Oh, for the miracle of critics and laymen genuinely varying in their basic viewpoints and yet supple and honest enough to grant a crown to those contemporary writers who stand apart from the general limelight—to the *best* of Mr. Ben Hecht, the almost universally neglected novels of Mr. Eliot H. Paul, the little known poems of Wallace Stevens, the novels and prose of Thomas Craven, the short-stories of Conrad Aiken, the almost buried prose of Dorothy Richardson, the actually individual essays of Wyndham Lewis, the fine but shoved-aside novels of Ethel Kelly and Roger Sergel, the generally slighted work of newcomers such as Kenneth Fearing, Louis Grudin, Sam Putnam, Robert Clairmont. Let us deliberately invite the millenium and pay sharp, undivided attention to those contemporary writers who dwell apart from conservative, radical, and liberal doings, and who are equally disliked by the *Dial* at one end, the *Atlantic Monthly* at the other, and Mr. Mencken in between!

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The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

HISTORIC RAILROADS. By *Rupert Sargent*. Holland.

EXCURSIONS IN COLOUR. By *Donald Maxwell* Doran.

DESERT WINDS. By *Hafsa*. Century. $3.50

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Vols. V and VI. Dutton $3 a vol.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE. By *Clara E Laughlin*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

BEYOND THE BUND. By *Philip Kerby*. Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

AN EXPLORER OF CHANGING HORIZONS: WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL. By *P. W. Wilson*. Doran. $4

War

THE RHINELAND OCCUPATION. By MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN Bobbs-Merrill. 1927.

General Allen's present volume may be described as a heavily blue-pencilled edition of his "Rhineland Journal," published some years ago. The detailed record of social engagements, dinner-table conversation, and personal comments on the author's hosts and guests set forth in that voluminous diary has been cast aside, in order to gather together in a much less personal form, a brief account of purely official activities along the Rhine. General Allen takes up not only events within the American zone at Coblenz but the general field of military occupation along the Rhine. He sets forth briefly some of the problems the forces of occupation had to deal with, their working relations to the German administration which remained at work, and the improvised organization of military and civil powers devised to meet the situation. There follows a somewhat sketchy narrative of the political ups and downs which controlled from afar the actual course of things along the Rhine ranging from the Kapp *putsch* at Berlin the Separatist movement born somewhat artificially in the French zone, to the various pullings and haulings which led to the Ruhr.

Much of this was beyond the range of the author's immediate observation, and no small part involves far-reaching political questions in regard to which he reveals no particular knowledge,—but his summary allusions to everything that happened serve at least the purpose of a reminder, and gather the chronological collection of scattered events into a single record.

We learn in the opening chapters that the famous "hunger blockade," so well exploited as an instance of allied ruthlessness toward Germany after the Armistice worked rather differently in fact. The Hoover Commission in Belgium set to work to provide supplies for Germany as a whole while the Allied military authorities supplemented this in the occupied areas by contributing from their own stocks.

The advance to the Rhine disclosed one point of interest in regard to the remarkable feat of the German army in carrying out the evacuation according to schedule. To achieve this, it had been necessary to abandon much war material on the spot and the German Quartermaster Corps sold things out cheap for cash. On their heels followed the A. E. F.—which, with equal business sense, laid hands on cash or goods resulting from this *sub-rosa* evacuation, and in the end some ten million marks was provided in this way by the German army for the pay of the worthy doughboy.

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Illustrated Books

THE Second annual exhibition of illustrated books is now to be seen at the Art Center in New York, whence it will "go on the road" later. Some consideration of the books shown may be of interest to readers of this page, inasmuch as illustrations and decoration have at times played an important part in book printing, and may do so again. The first exhibition, last year, was thin and unsatisfactory, not because of lack of interest on the part of publishers, but because of paucity of material with which to fill the cases. This year's collection is better on the whole, but still lamentably deficient in first-class work. Indeed, it is difficult to find any really first-class work in the show. There are a few good things, but for the exhibit as a whole, it is one of distinctly second- or third-class drawing, saved from dulness by the bizarre whimsicalities of John Held and Hendrik van Loon.

In the first place, one looks for the production of homogeneous text-and-pictures, or for the superb illustrations frankly disregarding the text, as in French books. Of the books plainly made to combine in orderly and sympathetic relation both pictures and text, there is a humorous unpretending little square volume done by some congenial craftsmen in the Donnelley office at Chicago. It does not demand serious consideration, as sent out by Mr. Kittredge and his fellow-conspirators, but it does certainly achieve remarkable harmony. It is a well-planned and executed book. Then there is Rockwell Kent's "Dreams and Derisions," printed by the Pynson Printers—to our mind the most pleasing and successful book in the show. The initial letters seem unnecessary, and a little more modesty would have removed the fig leaves entirely from the folios: but these are minor criticisms of what has been carefully thought out and skilfully executed by printer and illustrator together. There are some other creditable examples of good book-making, but on the whole there is a disappointing array of type and text held together patently by the paper.

Next to the welding of text and pictures, which we believe makes a perfect illustrated book, comes the matter of medium in which the design or illustration is made and reproduced. It seems a needless threshing of old straw to emphasize the importance of such fundamentals, but in this exhibition we find a carelessness with regard to media for reproduction which is not only disappointing but senseless. We have, first then, the wood block. Of such are Allen Lewis's pictures, to mention only one of half a dozen craftsmen working in that medium. This way of making pictures is in the tradition of good book-making. Wood engraving is good, though the modern wood cut with its excess of black gives the typographer a problem difficult of solution. But it is in harmony with type and letter-press printing.

Next to the wood block comes the line engraving, again entirely suitable to type set books. And of this method the exhibition has some creditable examples—the Rockwell Kent pictures already mentioned, Willy Pogany's, James Daugherty's, to mention only a few. But on the whole the examples shown are not impressive. Of half-tone work it can be said that except for reproducing photographic originals, the half-tone is abominable, and should never be used.

As would be expected, color plays an important part in the exhibition, and with one exception bears out the contention that color is very much more satisfactory if handled with flat tones printed from zinc plates, with colors not overlapping. Of such work are Lois Lenski's pictures. It is when we come to half-tone color work that we see the most debased and trivial pictorial productions. The difference between good and bad is aptly shown in the two books illustrated by Miss Lenski in this exhibition—where the color line engravings are very much superior in point of reproduction to the color half-tone engravings. I have mentioned one exception. It is the color half-tone work of John Dos Passos. Without yielding our point that half-tones are wretched things, these color half-tones do stand out as stunning examples of color work. What they would look like if reproduced by color lithography we can only surmise—but they would be even better. The point probably is that they are better work as *illustrations*.

And this leads us to the final word about the exhibition. It is too full of mediocre work by incompetent illustrators. N. C. Wyeth, W. D. Teague, Elizabeth Wolcott are not incompetent—but too many of the books are loaded down with weak and ineffectual drawing. Mechanical processes of reproduction we have in adequate variety—what this show emphasizes, as did last year's, is the need for more and better trained draftsmen.

ANNOUNCED FOR PUBLICATION

"The Poems of Oscar Wilde," with illustrations in black and white and color by Jean de Bosschere. Boni & Liveright. Octavo, 2,000 copies. $12.

"Playboy of the Western World," by J. M. Synge, with illustrations in color by John Keating, printed at the Curwen Press. Chatto & Windus, London.

"Delighted Earth," selections from Herrick, with illustrations by Lionel Ellis. 575 copies, in two editions. "Loving Mad Tom," Bedlamite verse, with illustrations by Norman Lindsay and an introduction by Robert Graves. 375 copies. The Fanfrolico Press, London.

Early Spanish Ballads in the British Museum. Three of these are now in press or in preparation, to be privately printed by Stanley Morison, each with one or more facsimiles, limited to 100 copies on hand made paper, and priced at about fifteen shillings. Maggs Brothers, London.

Private Papers of James Boswell, edited by Geoffrey Scott. To be published by William Edwin Rudge. 12 volumes. About 500 copies.

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THE VIKING PRESS

New York City

THE PHOENIX NEST

WE top the column this week with a New Year's contribution by *John A. Holmes* of Tufts College, Massachusetts:

THOUGHTS ON BEGINNING ANOTHER

How much hard work and play,
How many a night and day,
How many a troubled hour
Will steady time devour;
How many dozen scores
Of times to dress and eat,
To shut and open doors,
Of times to leave and meet
My many well-loved friends,
Of times to start anew,
Repeat the things I do,
And reach unwelcome ends,
Shall I see come and go,
And mingle in their flow
Before that final far-off lick
That finishes this shaving stick?

Mr. Holmes little knows how gratefully we feel toward such mellifluous verses the week after Christmas, when the fire of the imagination burns low, owing to the contracting of a vicious head-cold, concomitant with waiting up for Santa Claus. . . .

Of all weeks this is the hardest week in which to contrive a spicy column. Our Christmas, God help it, turned out to be a brave battle against all sorts of illness in the family. Some Christmases turn out that way. Diseases lie in wait to pounce at Christmas, to try our mettle, to reduce us to a gibbering flatulency. How often does the dear old beautiful picture of the clown performing for the public while few realize the actual heartbreak that haunts "behind the painted grin he wore" recur to us! We wax sentimental about our own troubles. As for us, personally, we have been manfully upheld through the season by one Andrew Usher and his decoctions. We shall not inflict our tears upon you. . . .

Every once in a while Christmas proves a nightmare. But somehow the holly wreaths are hung, somehow the spirit is preserved; and one fact stays us in retrospect. The Christmases of the hardest sledding render ever more gorgeous the Christmases in which all falls out as it should. We look back and we say, "Heavens! Do you remember the Christmas of 19—? Do you not remember when all the family were suddenly laid by the heels with foul diseases on the threshold of the 25th of December in the year —?" And consequently the Christmas of the fortunate annum takes on an entirely illicit radiance. We are so thunderingly glad that nothing unfortuitous has happened! . . .

Enough, however, of personal disaster. One is a slave of the lamp. The lamp is the publisher's clip-sheet. And what therefrom shall we glean? Well, *imprimis*, "Gallant Ladies" is the title of a new book by *Cameron Rogers* to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company in January. "Cam" Rogers we recommend as a writer with whom you should string along. If you trust our tips, and most of our readers have in the past been kind enough to signify in the affirmative, you will trust this one. Write down "Cam" Rogers as one of the dependable performers. Here he tells the stories of ten adventurous women, on the stricken field, on the high seas, in the salon. He tells you of the woman pirate, *Anne Bonney*, of *Mlle. de Maupin*, the deadly fencer, of the last of the Valois, and of *Adrienne LeCouvreur*. And, even though the lady wildcats are coinstantaneously celebrated by another pen, he too has a fling at *Calamity Jane*. Get the book; and don't forget. . . .

At the annual dinner of the American Book Travelers, held the other evening at the Commodore—a hotel evidently much favored by the Book Trade, perhaps because many of these gentlemen are New Haven commuters—Messrs. *Alfred Harcourt*, *Harry Savage*, and *Christopher Morley* were the speakers, introduced by *Harry Snyder*, the president of the outfit. The purpose of the gathering was to hold a (quite literally) symposium, in which publisher, author, and traveling salesman would expound one another's demerits. Unfortunately these gentlemen all showed the most affectionate disposition toward one another and praised their various colleagues with apparent sincerity. Mr. Morley (our informant tells us) told the story of a midwestern bookseller who purchased 100 copies of a $5 book, seduced by the high-pressure methods of the publisher's representative. The book sold well, but this particular bookseller has a small and fastidious shop and it did not "move" as well as the salesman had prophesied. Later the publisher, on a sudden fierce impulse, made a $2.50 edition of the same book. The Quantity Salesman, knowing this bookseller still had a good many copies on hand, offered to exchange them for an equal number of the new edition and credit him for the difference. "No, Mr. G——," said the bookseller, "I shall keep those books. They are down in the stock-room, on top of a bookcase near the entrance. I see them every time I go there. No, I shall keep those 46 books, Mr. G——. Then when you or some other salesman tries to unload on me 100 copies of a $5 book I'll think of those 46 books, and I'll say 'Thank you for the opportunity, but you please to go to hell!' "— —

Always at this time of the year we read the beginning of *William McFee's* "Aliens," which in spite of the enthusiasts for "Casuals of the Sea" we persist in thinking Mac's best book—it contains the most pungently sardonic account of a New Year's Eve in New York City ever written—and is also (it was published first in 1914) the first novel bearing on a transatlantic airplane flight—Mac's new novel, charmingly titled "Pilgrims of Adversity," will be published in the spring by Doubleday, Doran and Company—Speaking of which, at the first joint conference of the Doubleday, Doran salesmen, the Doubleday contingent was abashed to observe that all the Doran salesmen wore spats—this explains perhaps the great success the house of Doran has always had in its line of religious books. . . .

We thank *Katharine Lee Bates* of Wellesley, Massachusetts, for an extremely pleasant Christmas brochure and for her thanks for our suggestion to teachers that they forego the growing custom of encouraging their students to write to authors for letters, autograph copies of poems, photographs, anecdotes of their lives and the like. Miss Bates very wisely says:

> Appealing as the youth or childishness in such letters often is, the great and increasing number of them brings an impossible task to desks already overcrowded. One hates to be discourteous to anybody and especially to a child, but art is long—as has been remarked before!—and time is fleeting. So please persist in your merciful reminders.

Speaking of brochures, Macmillan has issued a very attractive one concerning the work of Sara Teasdale. And, speaking of poetry, have we ever yet mentioned that *Marjorie Allen Seiffert's* "Ballads of the Singing Bowl" is not only one of the best volumes of modern poetry that we have perused in a long while but has also been made the second choice of the *Poetry Clan* for highest recommendation and distribution to their members? The *Poetry Clan*, as we think we have told you before, is a new national organization which aims to bring to the attention of its members and the public the six best poetry volumes of the year, the selections being based solely on merit. "Ballads of the Singing Bowl" was published by Charles Scribner's Sons. . . .

And so, with a flourish, we close. We wish a perfectly stupendous New Year to all of you, but advise you that if you incline toward a perusal of "Adam and Eve," why not get *Murray Sheehan's* new novel, "Eden," when it comes out, and be done with it? The same *milieu*, and, well, sample them *both* for yourselves!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . New York

It seems to *The Inner Sanctum* that the best omen for a gay and luminous 1928 is the return of HEYWOOD BROUN to the page apposite of *The New York World*.

Before *The Inner Sanctum* closes its first calendar year, the meaning of the three mysterious colophons which we use as our paragraph marks should be disclosed to an eager universe.

They are *not* hoop-rollers or dancing silhouettes of JOHN BARRYMORE, or the triple threat of ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN in his early football days in Lancashire (where he got his first gridiron experience).

They are simply three sowers in action—the sower being the symbol of the house of SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

According to HIRAM BLAUVELT of Oradell, New Jersey, who has made a special study of the subject, our *Inner Sanctum* watchword should, therefore, be the single word *dissemination*, meaning:

> 1. To sow, broadcast, or as seed; to scatter for growth and propagation, like seed; to spread abroad; to diffuse; as principles or ideas . . .
> 2. Syn.—spread, propagate, circulate, disperse, scatter.

On Friday, January 13th, *The Inner Sanctum* releases its first 1928 publication—*Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot of His Age*, by HALDANE MACFALL.

Not a huge audience but a distinguished and discerning one awaits this book, for MACFALL is not only a writer of grace and strength, and an art critic of the first rank, but was himself an outstanding figure in the Nineties of which he writes:

> BEARDSLEY knew he was a doomed man even on the threshold of manhood, and he strove with fresh intensity to get a lifetime into each twelve-month. He knew that for him there would be few tomorrows—he knew that he had but a little while to which to look forward, and had best live his life today. And he lived it like one possessed.

Here, by the way, is a book to which the threadbare phrase "lavishly illustrated" can truly be applied—for there are 51 full-page plates of those blithe and lyrically daring creations in black and white which made AUBREY BEARDSLEY world-famous in his early twenties. He was dead at twenty-six.

—ESSANDESS

THE BULLFIGHTERS

By HENRY DE MONTHERLANT

"For its portrait of a sensitive boy, for its glowing panorama of Spain, for the tension and excitement of its amazing bullfight, this remarkable book deserves trumpets and a band playing the music from *Carmen* to announce its entry into an arena overcrowded with anaemic contestants." —*The New Yorker*.

$2.50

LINCOLN MACVEAGH

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